

# COUNTRY LIFE

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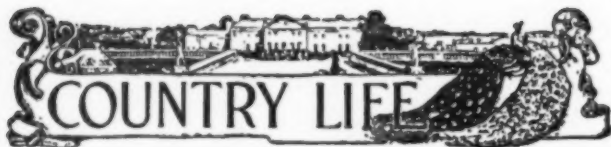
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VAL L'ESTRANGE.

MISS MARGARET BLACK.

56, Walton Street, S.W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE FUTURE . . .  
OF CANADA.

BY a fortuitous combination of circumstances the affairs of Canada have been brought to the notice of the British public during the last few weeks with unexampled vividness and force. At this time of year there is usually a number of visitors in London from the Dominion; but on this occasion their number and importance has exceeded that of any past season. During the course of their stay Canadian Ministers have, among other things, made public speeches with an eloquence which has been in the nature of a revelation to many on this side. Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster have specially distinguished themselves. The Prime Minister of Canada has taken his place in the ranks of great Imperial statesmen. His has been the large utterance of one capable of taking broad and moderate views and urging them with the tactfulness that springs from a sympathetic understanding. In a passage we need not recall, he unrolled the map of Canada in a manner to make us cognisant as we had not previously been of the immense territory of the Dominion, its mineral and agricultural wealth, its vast potentialities in the way both of trade and of food production, and more still of the individuality which stamps the youngest of the United Nations of the Empire.

His colleague, Mr. Foster, is of a more intense disposition. He has put before the English public certain aspects of Canadian policy with a burning and manly eloquence very different from the public speaking to which we have been accustomed. He enforces his points with the robust vigour which we should expect from the representative of a nation that has just come to adolescence. The general effect of all this speaking has been to cause an extraordinary problem to emerge. Canada has the possibility and the resources to become one of the most powerful nations in the world, and yet it is only in its infancy. If the number of the population be compared with the vastness of the territory, even if the growing capital be placed side by side with the vast wealth that still remains to be developed, it is easy to see that Canada is only entering upon its career. To fulfil its destiny it needs still more men and still more money; but the opportunities it offers must prove an irresistible attraction to them. We may expect the work of development to engage the greater part of the energies of Canada for several generations to come. Progress no doubt has been rapid; but there is so much to be done, so many lands yet remaining to be broken up and rendered fertile, so many cities that still have to be called into existence, so much wealth that exists only in its crude condition, that a very long time must pass before the country can enter upon the second stage of culture and enjoyment. At present Canada is a land for work and enterprise.

It is impossible to avoid asking what the future relationship will be between the Dominion and the Mother Country. What we would like it to be scarcely needs saying. Age needs the support of youth, and youth, on the other hand, has much to learn from the experience of age. But the question is not one of individual preference so much as what is best for the good of the world at large, and for the Anglo-Saxon race in particular. It needs no demonstration that the great requirement of Canada in the years to come must be peace. Any disturbance of a warlike character would inevitably throw her industrial enterprises into confusion and give a fatal check to the spread of progress. How then is peace to be maintained? Once again the answer is easy. Our race, that of Canada and Australia, and even of the United States, has no longer any incentive to aggression. The places of the world have practically been parcelled out, and territorial aggrandisement has ceased to be a part of the ambition either of Great Britain or any of her Colonies. What they do say is "Hands off!" to any other Power that would interfere with them. To make this cry effective the one thing needful is unity of the Empire. If its component parts all agree to stand together, there is no nation in existence that would dare to interfere. No doubt it is easier to advocate union as an abstract principle than to carry it out in fact. It would, for example, be unfair to ask the King's Dominions Beyond the Seas to delegate their power and responsibility to statesmen sitting in London. If there is to be an Imperial policy, it should receive its inspiration not from one section of the Empire alone, but from every corner of it. How that is to be accomplished is a matter for practical politicians to determine.

There has been some talk of establishing an Upper House on a new model; to build it, that is to say, of Imperial elements, and give it the direction of Imperial affairs. On it every part of the Empire would be represented in accordance with its importance and the number of its inhabitants. There would be no insuperable difficulty in calling such a body into being. Its authority would depend upon its representative character. Each of the united nations would, in a manner to be decided by itself, select those who were to act on it. To form such a house of representatives would be in strict agreement with the history and tradition of the English people. They chose to act through representatives originally chosen because they were the interpreters of various interests. Some of the old interests have died out, others have sprung up, and among the latter must be classed the interest of Empire. To give effect to this policy would be a work that might well engage the labour of the ablest statesmen.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Margaret Black, a niece of Mrs. George Coats, whose engagement to the Hon. Clarence Bruce, second son of Lord Aberdare, has been announced.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

# COUNTRY NOTES



**M**R. CHURCHILL'S speech in explanation of the Supplementary Naval Estimates is the dominating event of the week. No equally serious warning has been uttered since the deliverance of Sir Edward Grey three years ago. The First Lord spoke not like a party man, but as an Imperial statesman. He showed that the facts we have to face are the immense increase in the German Navy and the vast addition to its striking power. Four-fifths of the German battleships will be available for war at every season of the year. Against this policy there is no hostile criticism on the part of any responsible section of the German public. Practically speaking, it is the outcome of a unanimous resolution. Under such circumstances the duty of this country is perfectly plain. Our existence as an Empire and the safety and feeding of our citizens demand that we should go on building at a pace that will render us secure from the new menace. It is a matter not for the Mother Country alone, but for all the nations which are federated into one Empire. It is to their interest as well as ours that our position should be rendered secure, and Mr. Churchill carried the sympathies of the whole House with him when he appealed to the might and majesty of the united Empire, intimating that Canada and the Sister Nations would receive due representation in the Imperial Councils, a promise that was solemnly endorsed by the Prime Minister. The sum total of his counsel was that we should go on building coolly and steadily, not in any hostile spirit, but with the determination to exert our united strength, so that no other country shall be able to prevail against us on the high seas.

At the opening of the new dock at Immingham, some four miles from Grimsby, King George made two of those happy little speeches which in simple language go to the very heart of things. In his first address he described the opening of the dock as "evidence of the increasing trade brought to your port." He went on to refer to the extraordinary commercial enterprise which has brought about this result. During the last six years the dock has been built at a cost of about three million pounds. In his second speech, made in answer to an address presented by Sir Alexander Henderson, he said: "I congratulate you most warmly on the wise foresight and steady industry which by converting a waste site to the uses of commerce have provided this magnificent addition to your series of docks." A higher compliment could not possibly have been paid to the Great Central Railway, of which Sir Alexander Henderson is the chairman and spokesman. There seems every reason to believe that Grimsby and Immingham will extend till they meet and become one of the greatest ports on the East Coast of England.

Landowners of every degree, from the lord of many acres to the possessor of a cabbage plot, must have heard with interest, if not concern, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the autumn is going to embark on a campaign "to do something great for the overthrow of the land monopoly." A curious phrase is the last one of the quotation to be used in a year which has seen an unprecedented sale of landed estates. The alleged monopoly has been very eagerly surrendered by those who enjoyed it. The worst feature of the case is that, according to Lord Crewe, one of the most moderate-minded of peers,

a Committee has been appointed to collect facts. This Committee is so far anonymous. We are informed that it is to be a private body, whose duty will be confined to supplying information for the guidance of politicians on the Government side. This is surely a very great mistake. If there are wrongs to be righted and grievances to be removed, by all means let full enquiry be made, but this should not be done by partisans. All interests and all shades of thought, as far as possible, should be represented on it, so that the facts may be put fully and fairly, without the selection of those that tell for a certain policy or the suppression of others that are against it. A Committee consisting of partisans only, even if animated by the best intentions, could not avoid one or both of these errors.

Travellers in the shires need not be told that the grain is now becoming ripe for harvest. Already the reaper has been at work in many fields, and the stubbles will soon be bare. The harvest is an early one, though not so early as that of last year, which almost made a record. Farmers are not so much disappointed as they expected at one time to be. The rains in June did not come too late; they gave a much-needed impulse to growth, and in consequence there is at least plenty of straw. The only reason for apprehension lies in the rapidity with which the grain ripened during the heat wave in early July. It would probably be more correct to say coloured than ripened, because the corn in many cases turned yellow prematurely. On the whole, however, we are inclined to think that the growth throughout the country will be better than the average. The hay, too, has improved as the season has gone on. It has been a fairly wet time for it to be taken in, but, fortunately, there have been intervals of sunshine of which the industrious farmer has taken full advantage.

## THE BONXIE.\*

The long grey rollers are hastening in, flecked with the foam of their speed,—

For they must follow and follow fast wherever the gale may lead—  
Over the edge of the cliff where their journey ends in spray,  
The Bonxie sails on wide-spread wings upon his wind-swept way.

King of the sea and air is he, his rule may none deny—  
The white-winged terns they scream and cower whenever he passes by;

Fierce and strong as the hurricane's blast—resistless, sure and swift,  
He swerves to the leaping surge's crest and scatters the flying drift.

Dark and silent he sails along above the heather brown  
Of the hill that slopes beneath to where the cliffs of his Kingdom frown—

Down thro' the wreathing white sea-fog in a rushing curve comes he.

Then upward and out on steady wing to answer the calling sea.

VERA NICOLSON.

\* A Shetland name for the Great Skua.

We are past half-time in the competition for the county championship at cricket, but it is still difficult to forecast the ultimate winner. As we write Yorkshire holds the first position, and has played sixteen matches as compared with the eight of Middlesex and the nine of Somerset, Essex and Gloucester; so that the broad acres are in a strong position. Yet the margin is not so great that it may not be bridged. Middlesex is at present holding second position, and has only played eight games, so that it has many possibilities before it. The champions of last year are practically out of the running, chiefly through the falling away of Mr. F. R. Foster, who is no doubt stale after the continuous and strenuous cricket which he has played since the beginning of last year. It is a great pity that he should overdo it. It looked at one time as though he were going to develop into one of the greatest cricketers England has ever produced.

We know that many of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE are very glad to hear of means by which they can help poorer neighbours in country villages. An excellent means to this good end has lately been brought to our notice in the form of a small "village industry" that has been most successfully started in the little hamlet of Six Mile Bottom, of partridge-shooting fame. Some half-dozen or more of the village maids and matrons have been supplied with wool for stocking-making, with knitting-needles, and with some pattern stockings and tops of the kind in vogue with shooters and golfers for knickerbocker stockings. A ready sale for the stockings, which are excellently knitted, is found at seven shillings a pair, and at this price the knitters get three shillings for themselves on each pair.



Mr. Andrew Lang, of whom a brief obituary notice appears in another part of the paper, in the heyday of his popularity was a favourite subject for the makers of epigrams. Some of them hit the mark and some missed it. Mr. Oscar Wilde, then at the zenith of his fame, named him "the divine amateur," and the phrase is neither unappreciative nor unkindly. As much could scarcely be said of one used by W. E. Henley, who spent an hour in the offices of the old *Scots Observer*, in Edinburgh, trying to invent it, and an hour after chortling over his success. The phrase used in reference to a magazine article over Lang's signature was that it was written with the "radiant infelicity" characteristic of the author. It was cheaper to say, as someone did of him, that he "sometimes writes like Genesis and sometimes for the *Daily News*." Mr. Chesterton described him as a "mass of charming and triumphant contradictions," but these phrases were in reality tributes to his brilliance.

At the patriarchal age of fourscore-and-five the Rev. Charles Voysey, father of the eminent architect, has passed away. The number is diminishing of those who remember the "heresy hunt," of which he was the quarry in 1868. He was deprived of his living in 1871, and since then he has ministered to the Theistic Church which he founded. He was a man of fine independence alike of thought and action; a clear thinker and a prolific writer of sermons. He lived to witness a great change in public opinion. In his later days he recalled the fact that, whereas during the time of his lawsuit it was unsafe to discuss the topic on the top of an omnibus or anywhere else where the talk would be overheard, nowadays the general public is not in the slightest degree interested in religious differences. Is this change to be attributed to an extension of the spirit of toleration? Or is it owing to the growth of a greater indifference among the laity.

In regard to the little poem on this page under the title of "Fool's Paradise" the kindly critics who write on the merits or demerits of the occasional verse on this page deserve a warning. They will see that it contains many irregularities both in form and rhymes. We noticed these on receiving the manuscript, but were so much struck by the beauty of the picture which the poet had painted that instead of returning it with the usual form we wrote to the authoress suggesting that the lines might possibly be improved. In her reply she says: "The poem, 'Fool's Paradise,' is, I know, very irregular in form and rhymes, but I have never been able to alter it to my own complete satisfaction; if therefore you will print it as it is, I shall be very glad." It was impossible to refuse compliance with this request, and we imagine that those of our readers who like verse will agree that this lovely little poem entitles the writer to a certain freedom. After all, rules were made for poetry, not poetry for rules.

In these days, when the habit of smoking is so much more general with both sexes than it used to be, the legal as well as the ethical position of the smoker in the non-smoking carriage of the train is far less clear than of old. When the time-honoured legend was in vogue, imposing forty shillings as the fine to which he was liable who smoked in any carriage wherein express permission to do so was not given, the statement of the case was perfectly lucid, even if the penalty were seldom or never enforced. It is a legend scarcely ever to be seen now, and the rights, both of smoker and non-smoker, seem to lack a little definition. In the doubtful circumstances it is possible that a useful hint might be taken from the inscription still to be seen in some carriages on the Continent, to the following effect: "Smoking is allowed here unless objected to by a passenger who has not been able to find a seat in any of the compartments in which smoking is prohibited." It is a notice which makes its meaning clear and defines a right and sensible line of compromise between the claims of the opposing parties.

Possibly it is as yet a little early to assume that we are going, this autumn, to be afflicted with the worst plague of wasps ever witnessed, but certainly at the moment of writing there is every indication that we shall be called on to endure that unique affliction. It is not only that queen wasps were more numerous in the spring than we ever remember them before—we have sometimes seen springs in which their numbers were not much less, followed by autumns in which their progeny were relatively scarce—but this year, already, we see many nests quite unusually strong in their population. It is evident, therefore, that, as the winter was favourable to the hibernation of the mothers of this year's wasps, so, too, the summer has been favourable for their nesting. We do not, as a rule, expect any serious wasp trouble till about the time when apples begin to ripen. But even in a forward year like the present we do

not look for ripening apples just yet; yet here the wasps are, ready and waiting for them. The one thing to be said to the wasp's credit is that it is a deadly enemy of almost a worse plague than itself—the house-fly.

In this country we see many evidences that the season is an abnormal one, and that both flower and fruit are coming to maturity at a far earlier date than usual; but just across the Channel and on the Continent of Europe generally the witness is even more striking. In Belgium they had some of the corn crops cut and even carried in the first half of July, and they were crops of unusual excellence, with straw of a length that we do not see in this country. It has to be granted that the soil in which it is grown, very rich and very easy of irrigation from the canals, seeing that it lies below their water-level, is of the very character to take the fullest advantage of a season of abnormal warmth and sunshine. The drought is hardly able to affect it, and the roots, well down in the fat ooze, enable the plant which they nourish from below to enjoy the hottest rays that summer can send there from above. The fen country, which it so much resembles, is the only part of our islands which we can at all compare with it in this respect.

#### FOOL'S PARADISE.

This is Fool's Paradise,  
Close where the river lies,  
All its sweet silver lengths  
Winding through meadows;  
Here the fool's parsley grows,  
Food for the silly foals  
On all the grassy knolls  
In sun and shadow.

Here all the summer day  
Grasshoppers dance and play,  
Here merry minnows,  
Each on his silver fin,  
Dart in and out a tin  
Flung by some careless boy  
In the green shallows.

Here gay convolvulus,  
Long ere the sun is up,  
Tumbles and topples  
In feats acrobatic.  
Here at the hottest noon,  
Gnats in their dainty shoon  
Dance on the lilies  
A pavanne aquatic.

And when the sun is set,  
And all the meadows wet,  
Here ragged robin  
Bares his wild elfin locks,  
Bows to the ladies' smocks,  
Like a true gentleman—  
Curtseying round him.

This is Fool's Paradise,  
All who are truly wise  
Live here together.  
Where only winged seeds,  
Winds and slow waving reeds  
Mark the swift flight of Time,  
And change of weather.

ANNE F. BROWN.

The discovery and the practical use of a new process for working up flax straw into linen fabrics promise a new industry for Canada, and at the same time modification in the conditions of the linen manufactory in this country. Immense quantities of this flax straw are now wasted in Canada which, it is stated, might have a value of millions of dollars if treated by this new process. Its products have been submitted to the linen experts in Belfast, who are reported to have given them a very good testimonial. The fibre shipped from Canada has been worked up in Ireland into the various articles, both fine and coarse, into which linen enters as chief ingredient, and these manufactured articles are said to be not at all inferior to those made of the best Russian flax. It all points to the possibility of the establishment of a new industry of no little value to Canada. What will touch even more closely many readers in this country is that it carries the pleasant suggestion that the household linen, which is such a large item in the expenditure of most families, may possibly be a little cheaper in the future than it is at present.



Poultry-keepers will take note of the hint given by Lord Lucas at the first conference of the International Association of Poultry Instructors and Investigators. He is reported to have said that Mr. Runciman is busily engaged on a scheme for remodelling the whole system of agricultural education in this country. In the new scheme a prominent place is to be given to poultry teaching. Lord Lucas then referred to a project which has been commented upon in these pages several times, namely, that for establishing a national poultry institute. In vague but not indefinite terms he foreshadowed a time when the poultry institute will be a reality and "all practical questions regarding poultry could be scientifically studied, and where there could be trained the instructors who would be employed by the County Councils to teach the farmers." As if to emphasise his indirect rebuke of the English farmer for his want of skill in poultry-breeding, Mr. Edward Brown made the fascinating statement that in this country there is three-quarters of a head of poultry to every acre of land. He added that an egg could not be manipulated or adulterated, and it commanded, or ought to command, confidence. But are there no stale or rotten eggs? Is preservation not an attempt to manipulate the egg?

Those interested in forestry will find it instructive to read the report of the judges on the forestry prizes offered by the Royal at Doncaster. The judges, Mr. Charles Hankins and Professor Somerville, not only give the results, but expatiate at some length on the considerations which decided them. Their highest praise is given to the first prize in Class II. This is a wood on the Birdsall Estate of Lord Middleton. It is not only first in its class, but receives the gold medal of the Royal English Arboricultural Society for the best plantation entered in the competition. One feature of it is that the hardwoods are planted four feet closer than was the rule generally, and are already showing good results. "There is," say the judges, "scarcely an ill-shaped or badly-grown tree in the whole plantation, and the general symmetry of the whole crop is very pleasing." In the report on the home nurseries competition, the judges give many hints about the most advisable methods of planting seedlings, and also they quote from Mr. Maughn's estimate of the cost of rearing them. This ranges from seventeen shillings a thousand for Douglas fir to eight shillings a thousand for common spruce. The report takes an unusual form, but it is a very masterly one.

## A CORNISH FISHING VILLAGE.

AS this is written, July's lingering days are giving way to August, which remains now, as ever, the seaside month. Now is the time of year when the worthy townsman, scorched and almost dried up by the heat wave, longs for wet sands and cool waters. He would fain exchange the roar of street traffic for "the moaning of the deep," and the hoot of the motor for the seagull's cry.

Even in seeking a change like this, difference of temperament makes itself felt. Some people never enjoy themselves perfectly unless they are in a crowd. At the bottom of their hearts they feel themselves exiles at the sea, and therefore seek to banish melancholy by cherishing those joys which are provided by Dieppe and Brighton with the greatest profusion. What is one man's meat is another's poison, and some of us look out for



W. Thomas.

"THE SWOLLEN SEA DOTH STRIVE TO BURST ITS BOUNDS."

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W. Thomas.

WAITING FOR THE FISHING-BOATS.

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W. Thomas.

FEASTING.

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altogether different conditions. If we are not able to live the simple life and do not love the affectation of it by those who are not simple, we like to study the real thing as it is to be seen in such a village as that which we illustrate. Alas! these villages grow fewer every day! Agencies and influences are at work that are, in a sense, suburbanising the entire coast-line. No sooner is the remote and secluded brought to life than it is invaded. Soon its old features disappear. The modest inn gives way before a flaring new hotel. Villas and so-called cottages and avenues and terraces burst into existence, and behold a new incarnate Clapham-by-the-Sea. The erstwhile fishing-smack is let out as a pleasure boat, the catcher of fish becomes one who lives by hirings by the hour, the fisherman's boy no longer "shouts with his sister at play," but becomes an assiduous picker-up of tips or a carrier of golf clubs, for golf not only follows the flag, but flags along after seaside prosperity. Thus the attractions of the sea are enhanced by those of a London suburb; or would it not be truer to say overshadowed and engulfed by them? Those who, for the period of their holiday, can dispense with many of "the resources of civilisation" will be delighted with the Cornish village which is the subject of the accompanying

from the typical Northern fishing hamlet, with its low-roofed thatched or pantiled cottages, but it has resemblances, too. The spirit of the place is the same and the inhabitants are closely alike. Men lounge about in a pervading atmosphere of fish. They are slow in movement and loutish in appearance, so that, seeing them only on land, it surprises you to find that at sea they are as nimble and active as cats.

The events of the day are the start and the arrival of the fishing-boats. Just as the oldest inhabitant of the inland villages used to tell us that in the old coaching days the inhabitants assembled round The Black Bull, or whatever was the starting inn, and canvassed the news of the country-side and the appearance of the horses, so groups always watch the departure and arrival of the boats. Many of these are men of "the sere, the yellow leaf," old salts, most of them, who have done a good deal of seafaring and fishing in their time, but now are past work and find their liveliest interest in criticising the handling of the boats and, generally speaking, the sea-craft of the younger and sturdier men who now fill their places. The gossip of the day generally ends in a yarn of some foreign port, where adventures were many in the golden days of youth. We ought, perhaps,



W. Thomas.

THE HARBOUR STEPS.

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photographs. We do not give its name, as it does not seem in the slightest way desirable to flood it with visitors, and those to whom already it is a *terra cognita* will not require any further introduction. The physical features of its surroundings remain as they were when King Mark lived and adventurers from Tristram's Lyonesse came to Cornwall. Sooth to say, the people can have changed little either. The harvester of the sea, armed with his line and net, crept out and in of the little harbour, faced by a tongue of land circled by a beetling cliff, much in the same way as his descendants continue to do. This is still the land of the individual boat, and shows no sign of becoming a small Hull or Grimsby for the accommodation of a fleet of trawlers. For that purpose the harbour would be voted a poor, nay, an impossible one. It is only a narrow gap between black rocks, that in storm and fog can be negotiated only by those who have a knowledge so close as to be instinctive of the currents, tides and rocks which lie in wait for the unwary. So it is likely to remain for ever what it is now—a curious out-of-the-world fishing hamlet, where the men, when not out fishing, gossip lazily as they hang about the little quay, against whose stone steps the water laps when the tide comes up. It differs in many essentials

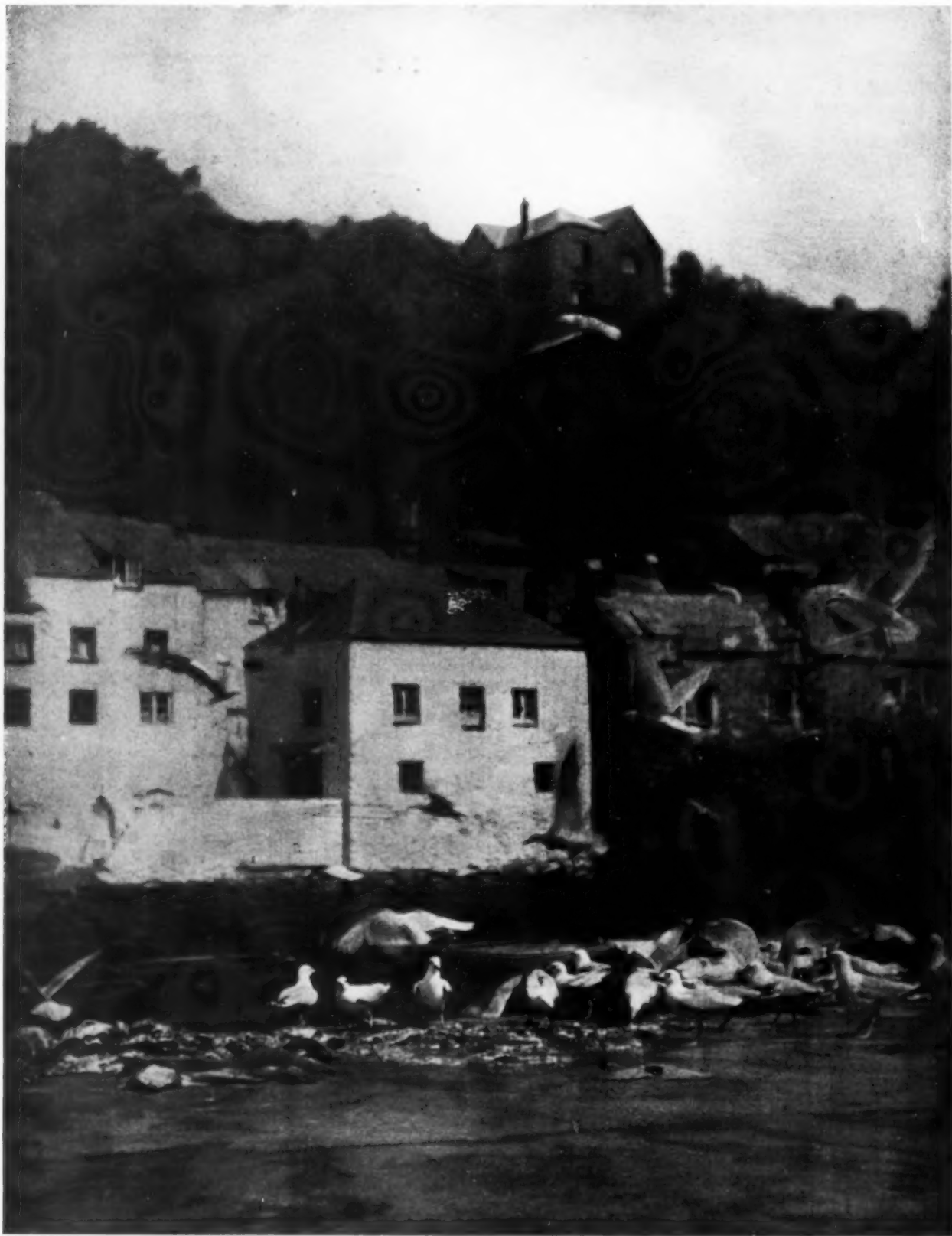
to include the auction sale of the catch as an event. It is of almost daily occurrence, as this is the ordinary way of disposing of the conger, ray, ling, cod, skate and pollock which the fishermen bring home. The purchasers are well-known fishing merchants, and the sale each time follows a well-defined course. The fish are cleaned and packed on the tiny quayside before they are sent off to their distant markets. This is a moment of rejoicing to the white, eager-eyed crowd of gulls which since dawn have been eagerly awaiting the arrival of the night-caught fish. They are not quiet waiters, but make a great clamour as they fight for a place on the cliff or on the roofs of the houses; and after the cleaning is done they feast with a riot of noise, as each claims as much for himself as he can and disputes the claims of his neighbour. There is small need for a scavenger's cart in the little fishing village as long as the gulls are there, and the fisher-people like them passing well, as is manifest by the familiarity between the human and the feathered inhabitants of the village. It may be a cupboard love, but the gulls are very fond of the fishermen.

The visitor to this out-of-the-way village need not depend altogether on the charm of lounging in the streets and by the sea



or of watching wild life; not, at any rate, if he be a sea-angler, because there is no lack of this amusement here. It is not necessary even to engage a boat for it, although there are worse things than fishing from one anchored between the two rocky headlands. The entrance to the harbour is narrow, and when shoals of mackerel come in, as they very often do, very good fishing may be had. Pollock can also be taken to a certain extent, and in

months of the summer and are caught professionally mostly by seine nets, the old drift net having been almost wholly abandoned. The fish is almost as popular as Cornish pasty for culinary purposes. There are complaints made that the shoals do not run so large now as they used to, and this is attributed to causes that have done duty in more than one part of the coast before; such, for instance, as the commotion



W. Thomas.

ON THE EDGE OF THE FALLING TIDE.

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the evening chad come in and afford excellent sport. Even the shore-fishing is passable. The best fun of all, however, is to take a boat and fish off shore, where conger, ray, pollock, turbot and big whiting may be had. Also there is from July onwards the excellent sport afforded by pilchards. These fish are to the Cornishmen a general source of livelihood during the latter

caused by such great numbers of passing steamships. The pilchard, like its relative, the herring, in all probability pays very little heed to these disturbances, and if its numbers are decreasing, there is in all likelihood some deeper reason which has escaped the ordinary observer. The pilchard has always afforded a certain amount of amusement to the amateur, who

may either go out with the ordinary fishing-folk and share their experience or take his own methods of capture. A final and certainly not unimportant charm of the village is that it lies adjacent to hills which are well calculated to exercise the climber and to give him a breath of that invigorating fresh air which is only to be found in the uplands.

### THE LATE MR ANDREW LANG.

WITH the death of Mr. Lang, which occurred suddenly at Banchory, Deeside, early on Sunday morning, there has passed out of our age one who formed a vital part of it. He was only sixty-eight, but had been troubled by his heart for years. A great writer once lamented that every time he lost a friend a part of him died, so that death was a long process. Society in the same way, though unlike the individual it is renewed, dies in part when it loses a man like Mr. Andrew Lang. His activity was in the present. If, instead of journalising daily, he had concentrated his fine talent on one or two works, he would have been sure of immortality.

and poetic of his later essays was published in our pages with certain pictures of Holyrood, which he greatly admired. Never was the poet-historian seen to greater advantage. He played the part of chorus to a tragedy that might have been the product of a Greek imagination. It has been said that Mr. Lang did not look like a Scotsman and did not write like one. We do not believe this to be true, but it has to be recollected that he added to his natural inheritance a training at St. Andrews and then what Oxford could give at the time when Jowett was Master of Balliol. After leaving the University he became the most versatile of London journalists, but in the more serious work of his life he rose altogether above journalism. If we were asked to name what this was, the reply would be "Custom and Myth and its companion volumes." In this, as in everything else, Mr. Lang showed his sensitiveness to the spirit of the age in which he lived. When Lang was still a young man Darwin had already expounded those doctrines which eventually led to the adoption of a new cosmogony, a belief in gradual evolution instead of instantaneous creation. What Darwin did for physical types, Lang performed for the spiritual man. He showed that our moralities, faiths, superstitions, beliefs, aspirations, customs, were rooted in the requirements of



W. Thomas.

TROUBLE BREWING.

Copyright.

But on immortality he set no high value. We remember hearing him a quarter of a century ago, in the course of a lively argument between three or four of his intimate friends, intervene with the remark, given with a flash of his dark eyes that was half mirth and half melancholy, "Oblivion is better than any memory." He wrote down the phrase afterwards, as though he had found words for a settled conviction. He was a man who was at the top of the contemporary wave of thought and yet lived largely in the past life of Great Britain. The fundamental fact about him was that he was a Scottish Borderer, born at Selkirk, in the very heart of the Scott country, and brought up in its romantic traditions. He adored the memory of the great Sir Walter, and his acquaintance with the Waverley Novels was acquired in childhood and perfected with each succeeding year. His, too, was the land of the ballad, and when ballad literature was more in fashion than it is to-day there was no one who could speak more to the purpose about it. His mind was as saturated with the lore of the hard-riding Elliots and Johnstones as it was with the historical facts about Mary Queen of Scots. What a passion Queen Mary was for him our readers had particular reason to know, because one of the most beautiful

primitive life; that the process here was evolutionary, just the same as it had been in the physical world. Law and morality grew in the course of ages. It was a subject that enthralled him; but then his mind was so versatile and interested in so many things that it was impossible for him to specialise for any prolonged period. He had the faculty or the luck to become associated in turn with a very great number of the most distinguished and able of his contemporaries, and with many of them this has ended in collaboration. He translated the "Iliad" with Walter Leaf and Ernest Myers, and the "Odyssey" with Professor Butcher. These versions are likely to hold their ground for many a day on account not only of their scholarship and accuracy, but of their Biblical English, which in Mr. Lang's hand proved so absolutely suitable to the theme. When the late Mr. Frederick Greenwood was producing the most brilliant paper which ever left his hands, the *St. James' Gazette*, Andrew Lang was one of his chief pillars. In it he wrote many of those brilliant compositions which afterwards were duly published in book form, like the "Letters from Dead Authors." After Sir Rider Haggard, then Mr. Rider Haggard, had made his first brilliant success with "She," Mr. Lang worked with him in producing an Egyptian



novel, "The Heart's Desire." His friendship with Robert Louis Stevenson was so intimate that it came natural to say Lang and Stevenson in one breath. They had much in common, although their temperaments at many points were in direct contrast. Henley, of course, came in as a third, though between that robust genius and the delicate and scholarly Andrew Lang there could not be a very deep sympathy. Somehow one regrets that Mr. Lang had to journalise so persistently. At the most active period of his career he seemed for ever using up little scraps of paper. In his club he could write a causerie for this, that, or the other magazine and all the time keep up a witty, flippant conversation

with the circle of the moment. If he went to a country house, even for a week-end, it was to spend half of the time writing or revising those proofs that came to him in batches. Thus his genius in a sense was whittled away. If he could have absented himself a while from London and its turmoil, say under the shadow of his beloved Eildons, or by the banks of that romantic Tweed whose upper course he loved to fish; if he could have divorced himself altogether from London life, it is possible that the world would have been richer for it. He has left behind him a library of works in a dozen different directions, but we doubt if there is one that does full justice to his genius.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ON the twenty-second of July, the centenary of the battle of Salamanca was celebrated. The engagement is of importance, because it revealed Wellington almost for the first time as more than a prudent defender, namely, a bold assailant and a master of manoeuvres. At the time when that battle was fought, the Empress Joséphine in her house at Malmaison was answering the questions of an enquiring little boy of five, who was to play a prominent part in the French history of the next half-century. This was Napoleon III., of whom a fascinating account is given in the book published under the title, *Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III. Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor*, by the late Baron D'Ambès. Two volumes. Edited and translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A. (Stanley Paul). Baron D'Ambès was on very intimate terms with the Emperor, and had access to many of the private papers of the latter. It was from this source that we learn how Joséphine spoiled her grandson by making too much of him. The character of the book is indicated by this reference. It is not so much a sedate biography or history of the man as a collection of brief notes written mostly at the moment by one who had a very clear insight and who knew what was in the mind of his contemporaries. There is much that calls for notice, but we must select only a few passages. There was first the Campaign of France, when the allies marched on Paris in 1814. "The Emperor was struggling with a handful of conscripts against all Europe trampling over the Fatherland in its death-agony." This was the opening to the tragedy of a lifetime. A dramatist might have selected the flight from Trianon as an opening scene in his play; Ministers in their coaches with six horses, the Council of State, the archives, the crown diamonds, all these emblems of power and magnificence intermingled with poor households who had piled up on a barrow whatever they had contrived to save. His mother was part of the procession.

History is expounded in an original way in the chapters relating to the early life of Napoleon III. Perhaps the most fascinating picture of him is that of his life in London in 1840, where he lived a prominent figure in society and at the same time was plotting a landing at Boulogne. That landing proved to be as abortive as the Pretender's in Scotland. Neither the army nor population rose to the occasion. The Prince's imprisonment and trial followed. His escape is recited with more than French vivacity. It was an English lady who helped him. She had visited him in prison with Robert Peel, and gave him a passport that had been taken out for one of her servants. He went out of the prison disguised as a workman. It was touch and go, however:

A slip made him drop his pipe, which fell on the floor and broke. Without losing his presence of mind he halted, stopped unconcernedly to pick up the pieces, and stood gazing at them a moment or two with a look of vexation. Then he stepped out again for the door of exit, where a sentry stood on guard. The man looked suspiciously at the supposed workman. "Where are you going?" . . . The Prince, deepening his voice, answered roughly: "You can see for yourself, I'm going out"—and the sentinel let him pass. Farther on he encountered the sentry of the main gate—same procedure. On the drawbridge, where the sentry of the outworks stood talking to the contractors for the repairs, he knocked against the former clumsily with his plank. "Mind what you're about, can't you?" No answer. The Prince walked on, getting nearer and nearer to the outermost gate of the prison, Thélain following some way behind. When they were both outside, the valet de chambre, without exchanging a word with his master, hurried off to a carriage-proprietor's who had been communicated with the day before.

When he got over to London he stayed at the Brunswick Hotel in Jermyn Street. In 1846 his father died. The revolution occurred in 1848, and he was elected President in December of that year. Victor Hugo gives a vivid description of him at the moment:

On Thursday, December 20th, 1848 . . . we saw enter the Hall of the Constituent Assembly a man, still young, dressed in black, wearing on his coat a medal and grand riband of the Legion of Honour.

All heads turned to mark him. A wan face, the bony, emaciated outlines of which were brought into startling relief by the shaded lamps; a large, long

nose; moustaches, a curling lock of hair over a narrow brow, the eyes small and dull, the attitude timid and anxious, no likeness to the Emperor: it was the citizen Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

But the tensest time in the life of Napoleon III. was 1870, and there are reasons why we in this country should study the period assiduously. Baron D'Ambès had an interview with the Emperor at the beginning of the year, in which he said, "Abroad, the violence of language hostile to the Empire redoubles." He was, in fact, what the Scotch people call fey. He told his friend that he had written in his own hand and signed his will. The value of the notes dealing with this year is greatly increased by the fact that they are set out just as they were written from day to day. History repeats itself, and the attitude of Germany then was very much what it is to-day, but with a different objective:

I see bursting into bloom a whole German literature of warlike songs, odes, poems and hymns, which inflame the dwellers beyond the Rhine. They read these calls to arms in the schools, the children learn them by heart, they are recited at table. A while ago I spent some time in Berlin. The air there is highly electrified. You feel the Gallophobia smouldering under the ashes. You breathe the savour of powder. I should not be astonished to see a conflict break out at short notice.

There was even the same spy mania that exists to-day. It is tragic to read now of the popularity of the war with the French nation. On July 19th the diarist wrote:

The popular enthusiasm is tremendous. Several times over I have passed on my way bands of workmen or small shopkeepers drawn from the very antipodes, from all sections of political parties and all creeds, and all unite in one impulse of ardent patriotism. The demonstrations to which this frenzied populace gives vent, the enthusiastic cries that it utters, "To Berlin! To Berlin!" are a clinching proof of the vitality of French energy, which is there maugre the reckless campaign of detraction carried on for some years by the Picards, Favres, and Gambettas, and other detractors of the governing faction.

He goes on to say that the shout "To Berlin! To Berlin!" "which a moment ago broke out under my windows, fills me with delight." There were no counter demonstrations, and the Opposition seemed to have gone to ground. "We are ready and more than ready," were the words of Marshal Lebœuf; "not a gaiter-button is missing." For a few days this optimism seemed to be justified; but a shadow even then was stealing over the scene. This was Napoleon, who, instead of being defiant, sure of victory, was weighed down by the burden of responsibility. On August 3rd a note of jubilation was sounded:

At last! The first news, and that of victory! I feel as if an immense weight had been lifted from me. I breathe more freely. The French forces have behaved well in presence of the enemy; the Emperor and the Prince Imperial set the troops an example of valour and courage which will win them the ever more and more sincere and lasting affection of their subjects.

But before the 10th a dreadful change had come over the prospect from the French point of view. Weissenburg! Wörth! Forbach! Reichshofen! there was an appalling list of successive Prussian victories. Our chronicler changes from jubilation to ill-temper and blames "Liberal Imperialism" for the disaster. Politicians at the same time began to reproach the Emperor for not avoiding the war, and attacks on the Empress became still more violent. She was spoken of contemptuously as "the Spaniard." Colonel Fréchaux, a shrewd soldier who had been wounded in the war, very precisely pointed out the causes of mishap. These were: slowness of mobilisation, want of method in the supply branches, weak complements of the units, and the total lack of munitions of war. Besides all this the Marshals failed to agree among themselves. And so we come to the Siege of Paris and the lamentable end of the career of Napoleon.

This book would be more accurately described as a most valuable sidelight on the reign than as a piece of history. The author, indeed, scarcely pretends that it is more than gossip; but he lived in close contact with the most influential men of his day, including the Emperor, and, therefore, is able to make his gossip more than usually interesting.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE EMPTY PIPE.

BY

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS.



IT was somewhere about the middle of March that Foxy Con Sullivan emptied the contents of his nunney-bag on the floor of his shack and searched in vain for a plug of tobacco. He shook his one extra shirt until the buttons were in danger of flying off, explored the interiors of every pair of woollen socks and stockings and turned the pockets of his extra trousers inside out, but all in vain. With an expression of awaking panic on his bewhiskered face he turned his attention to the store of provisions; but neither the limp flour sack, the bag of hard bread, the molasses jug, the salt pork tub, nor the depleted tea-canister harboured so much as a shred of tobacco. He shook out his blankets and clawed all the spruce branches out of the bottom of his bunk in the hope that he had mislaid at least the corner of a plug. He searched all his pockets, the lining of his jumper and every nook and crack in the floor and walls of the shack. He even investigated the woollen case of his rifle and his cartridge-box. The rich, brown plugs of "Prime Beaver" were all gone, smoked up, consumed, lost joys of a dead past, to the last mellow chunk!

The trapper thrust a finger into the bowl of his pipe. Empty! He glared at the pipe for a second, then placed it tenderly in his pocket and fell to pacing the uneven floor of poles.

"That comes o' bein' too danged easy!" he exclaimed. "If I hadn't give four plugs to Patsey Burke, way back afore first snow, instead o' two pound o' tea sure I'd be fingerin' four plugs in me pocket this very minute." This thought brought a glint of exasperation to his pale blue eyes. "An' where bes Patsey Burke now?" he cried. "The devil hisself only knows! T' hell wid him! What did the likes o' him want wid baccy the likes o' that? The map he give me weren't wort' four big quarter-pound plugs o' baccy, anyhow. Sure, it were black cheatin'. She bes all smudged an' tore. She baint wort' a skipper's damn, let alone four plugs o' baccy! If ever I lay me eye on to Patsey Burke agin I'll be after layin' me foot on to him too."

From an inner pocket of his blanket jumper he produced the map which he had obtained from one Patrick Burke nearly five months ago, in return for the tobacco already mentioned. In truth, it was a battered thing, and surely not worth the price that had been paid for it to a man with an empty pipe in the middle of a vast wilderness. Sullivan unfolded it with a cautiousness of finger-work that was not in keeping with the petulant state of his temper. The paper was flimsy and soiled, and along the creases it was worn entirely through in a dozen spots. Seating himself on the one stool which furnished the cabin, he spread the tattered sheet across his knees and eyed it with derisive discontent. It was an official map of the White Bay district of Newfoundland, and had doubtless been torn from a Government report of some kind. It showed the coast of the big bay on the east, scantily fringed with the names of coves, harbours, tickles and arms (most of them uninhabited), and a section of the Straits coast on the west, also fringed with names; but the official mapmaker's knowledge of the natural features of the interior had allowed only the recording of a couple of rivers, a range of hills and a large blank vaguely termed "Desolate Country." This was the original map, and as such its value was not half a plug of tobacco to any man. But there was more to it than the work of the typographer in St. John's. Somebody—Patsey Burke had said a great explorer, but Con suspected Patsey himself—had made good, with red and black ink, the staring omissions of the gentleman in St. John's. The additional work had not been neatly done; but even Con Sullivan, in his present gloomy mood, could not deny its cheerful spirit of assurance and generosity. Rivers were traced to their sources and multiplied by ten; numerous hills, in red and black, adorned the landscape like bursting shells; ponds were depicted in such numbers as to suggest that they were intended to represent blueberries, and even that daunting waste marked "Desolate Country" had been made to blossom like the rose. It was for all this that the trapper had parted with the four plugs of Prime Beaver; and now, painfully conscious of the empty pipe in his pocket, he regretted the transaction far too deeply for adequate expression in words. Con was not a master of words, though he knew a few fairly graphic ones.

Con Sullivan was a trapper of about twenty seasons' experience; but this was his first winter in the White Bay country. He had come up from the south-west of the island in October, by way of the Straits, had remained

on the coast until the first frost and snow and then had struck eastward for the interior, with no guide save his compass and the map which he had purchased from Burke with four cakes of tobacco. When asked where he lived, Burke had replied that his home was in Skiff Cove, on the East Coast; and when invited to accompany the trapper in and so return home across country, Burke had given Con to understand that the shortest way home was the longest way round. So Patsey Burke (who had been working all summer in a pulp-mill somewhere to the southward on the Straits shore) had taken passage for White Bay on a trading schooner from Quebec; and the trapper had struck due east, dragging his outfit on a hand-sled, and after ten days of difficult and fairly steady advance, had placed his traps, built his shack and settled down to the business of fur-taking. On the way in he had consulted the map frequently, and being in a cheerful frame of mind at the time, many of the ponds, streams and hills depicted on the map had seemed to correspond, more or less, with the features of the landscape. Of the correct recording of his camping-place there could be no shadow of doubt, however. There it was on the map, in untidy black and red, as exact and complete as the reality. The forks of the little river, the wooded hill, the barren to the south—all were there. Sullivan had trapped successfully in this wilderness for more than four months, without sign or sight of another human, busy and contented. He had taken mink, fox and weasel and three fine otters. It was the richest fur country he had ever been in, and surely had never been trapped before. But now he could think of nothing but his empty pipe. With a few hares and partridges and the trout he could catch through the ice on the ponds he had enough grub to last him four or five weeks longer, and favourable conditions for trapping were sure to last until the middle of April; but without the solace and companionship of his pipe loneliness and unrest assailed him.

"I'll be gittin' out!" he exclaimed, glaring at the map on his knees. "If this map bes any use whatever I kin git to the bay at Skipper's Arm inside five days, wid good goin'. Aye, 'twouldn't be more nor seventy-five mile, due east—if this map don't lie. Skipper's Arm? There'd be baccy i' Skipper's Arm, sure. Five days to Skipper's Arm, plenty o' baccy and a rest, and then sout' wid me pelts and outfit in a fore-an'-after. But I'd t'row the map into the fire this minute for a half o' one o' they plugs o' baccy I give for it! Sure I would. Couldn't I travel widout it? Sure I could. All I bes needin' for to set a course wid bes me compass. Skipper's Arm lays due east says the map—and it bes marked i' red ink. If it don't, and if there baint no baccy there, then I'll be makin' a v'yage to Skiff Cove some day and tellin' Patsey Burke what I thinks o' him and his map."

Foxy Con Sullivan spent the day bringing in the nearer traps and stowing them away in his shack. For more than twenty years he had been a slave to strong tobacco and the craving for it, which he now felt was an actual physical discomfort as well as a nervous strain. It told on his spirits, too. He felt lonely and depressed. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he realised the vastness, antagonism and desolation of the wilderness.

He commenced his journey next day at the first red streak of dawn, dragging his loaded sled across the gleaming crust. Between his teeth he worried the stem of his empty pipe. His night's sleep had been broken and unsatisfying and now his temper was on edge.

The country across which the trapper passed during the first two days of his journey was rough, scantily wooded and as silent as death. The silence of the wild was a thing which he was not in the habit of noticing; but now it held his attention for hours at a time and depressed him strangely. He passed over ponds frozen and drifted deep, over treeless knolls and through black tangles of stunted spruce. The weather was cold and cloudless, and he wore thick, smoked goggles to save his eyes from the white glare of the sunshine on the crusted snow. On the morning of the third day he broke the frame of one of his snowshoes and experienced a good deal of difficulty in mending it satisfactorily. That night he made camp in a thicket of spruces on the edge of the largest

lake he had yet seen in the country. An examination of his map disclosed the fact that the manipulator of the red and black ink had failed to record the existence of this considerable sheet of frozen water. He felt uneasy, and said some hard things about Patsey Burke.

"Me compass bes honest, anyhow," he said. "If I keeps straight for the east I'll sure be strikin' the coast somewheres afore long."

When he awoke next morning he saw a small herd of caribou moving slowly across the wide expanse of the lake. The crust was not strong enough to support them, and so they plunged through at almost every stride. The trapper seized his rifle, slipped his feet into the thongs of his snowshoes and started on the trail of the labouring herd. He felt that a little excitement would divert his mind from his empty pipe, and he knew that a fresh steak would make a pleasant diversion in his diet of hard bread and pork. He overtook the plunging herd without difficulty, selected the largest and plumpest doe and dropped her with an easy shot. An hour later, after a hearty breakfast, he was well on his way again with several hundredweights of prime caribou meat added to his sledgeloading. He had reflected that this extra supply of food might come in very handy should the unreliable nature of Patsey Burke's map bring him to an uninhabited part of the coast instead of to Skipper's Arm. He knew that it was an unusual thing to encounter caribou in the open so far north at this season of the year, so had wisely decided to drag along with him as much of the fresh meat as he could pull.

The fifth day of the journey passed without bringing the trapper in sight of the grey, ice-fringed sea. Dragging sullenly on his heavy sled, and worrying the stem of his empty pipe between his teeth, he cursed Patsey Burke and the untrustworthy map.

The folk of Skiff Cove were facing a desperate situation. They were accustomed to poor and scanty food, but now they were threatened with actual starvation. The past season's fishing had been a partial failure; the larger and more important of Skipper Nolan's storerooms had caught fire and burned to the rock on a windy night in December, turning to bitter ashes and smouldering rubbish the harbour's reserve of tea, flour, hard bread and beans. The store that remained had contained no foodstuff save three quintals of dried fish of inferior quality, the major portion of its stock being twine and tobacco, clothing and boat gear. Skipper Nolan and two others, with fifty dollars and two empty sleds, had tramped southward along the coast on the shore ice, thirty-six miles to the nearest inhabited harbour. Finding the people of Bendy Tickle so short of provisions that they dared not part with more than one bag of hard bread, they had held on southward to Bully Bay, twenty miles beyond. But even Bully Bay felt the pinch of want, and so they had been forced to make the return journey of fifty-six miles with only three bags of bread, one quintal of fish and one sack of flour to show for their money and their trouble.

For the next three months the able-bodied men of Skiff Cove quartered the frozen waste behind their harbour in search of game. For distances of one and even two days' journeys they hunted desperately north, south and west. At the best of times it was a poor country for pot-hunting; and now, in the dead of winter, it seemed to be as devoid of life as the ice in the bay. The caribou had gone to the south and west in October, to wooded valleys that they knew and regions of frequent fogs and infrequent snows. A few partridges and hares were snared, and one black bear was dug out and despatched. A week of steady wind and snow, late in February, kept the hunters crouched over the little stoves and brought the wolf sniffing to their very doors. This wolf was not of flesh and blood, worse luck!

Strong men and women, young and in the prime of life, weakened in their limbs and took on the grey and wrinkled mask of age. Old people and little children crept into their beds. The bitter job of doling out the food fell to Skipper Nolan. Now, towards the end of March, the daily portion of each person had dwindled to half a cake of hard bread and two ounces of fish. Fathers and mothers fed their portions to whimpering children—aye, and in some cases to children who were past whimpering, past caring, who turned their grey faces wearily away from the proffered food.

Patsey Burke knelt in the middle of the floor, swaying like a wounded thing. His haggard face was turned towards the bunk behind the stove, where Mary Burke stooped over the tiny figure of little Nicholas.

"He—he don't be wantin' it," faltered Mary. "Maybe he—bain't hungry for the minute, Patsey."

The man groaned and rose weakly to his feet. With a hopeless expression on his thin face and with fumbling hands he donned cap and gloves, took up his sealing gun and staggered from the cabin to the empty desolation of snow and sunlight without. He muttered to himself as he reeled along. "Only one little mite o' a pa'tridge! Holy Saints, that bes all I axes ye for! 'Twould make a grand stew for the b'y—one little pa'tridge. He bain't carin' for the broose to-day, somehow." He halted and gazed around him at the shining, empty wilderness. "Bain't there no deer left in all the whole world?" he cried, staggering forward again. "No deer? No bear? Not even one little pa'tridge to bile in a stew?"

He came at last to a small pond and to a great pit in the white surface of it, where he and several others had toiled fruitlessly two weeks before. They had dug down through four feet of wind-packed snow and chopped through three feet of ice to the brown

water, only to have their baited hooks ignored by the trout. They had gnawed desperately down to the waters of other ponds, only to meet with the same bitter disappointment at the conclusion of their toil. Perhaps the trout had buried themselves in the mud at the bottom of the ponds. God only knows! He stared with blood-shot eyes at the heaps of snow and splintered ice, and at the floor of clear ice in the bottom of the pit. "The Holy Saints they-selves bes agin us!" he cried.

He sank to his knees at the edge of the trench, and in a fury of desperation, a spasm of blind rage against Heaven and fate, gripped the heavy sealing gun near the muzzle, swung it high above his head and brought it down with all his strength on the clear ice below him. A splinter flew from the ice and the cumbrous weapon broke short off at the breech. Burke recovered his balance by a violent effort, rose to his feet, stood for a second staring blankly into the trench and then staggered on his purposeless way with the barrel of the gun still gripped in his hands.

"Saints alive, it bes Patsey Burke!" exclaimed Foxey Con Sullivan.

"Aye, lad, aye—an' who be ye?" returned Burke, raising himself painfully from his hands and knees and gazing vacantly at the trapper.

"I bes the man ye sold this cheatin' map to. But what bes the trouble wid ye?—and what the devil bes ye a-crawlin' round here for, down on yer belly in the snow like a dumb beast?"

Burke did not heed the questions. Now he was gaping at the loaded sled, his eyes gleaming, his gaunt face flushed and every fibre of his impoverished body a-tremble with eagerness and anxiety.

"Bes it a vision?" he whispered.

Then Con Sullivan understood.

"Every ounce o' it bes good meat, lad," he said, gently. "I'll build a fire right here an' ye kin mug-up in ten minutes."

Burke sprang forward and began jerking frantically on the rope by which the sled was drawn. "To the cove!" he cried. "The folks bes dyin' wid starvation i' the cove! Bear a hand, curse ye! Bear a hand!"

A few hours later the two men sat at their ease in front of the little stove in Patsey Burke's cabin. A pot of broth simmered on the hearth. Both Little Nicholas and his mother were sleeping quietly. They had eaten of the broth.

"'Twas me empty pipe saved ye all," said the trapper.

The pipe was full of "Fisherman's Luck" now and he puffed thirstily, as a man drinks at the brink of a river who has gone for days without water.

"Nay, 'twas the map I solded to ye," returned Burke. "Sure, b'y, 'twas the map I made one day a year ago come April wid Skipper Nolan's red an' black ink. Ye'd be smokin' in yer own shack this minute, six days to the west'ard, if ye hadn't give me four plugs o' baccy for the map."

"But it bain't wort' a skipper's damn—an' he told me as how 'twas drawn by a knowledgeable lad from up-along."

"Then I lied to ye, b'y—an' now I praise the saints for it! It brought ye to Skiff Cove, where ye was needed desperate, instead o' to Skipper's Arm, where there bain't neither folk nor baccy."

Con Sullivan removed the stem of the pipe from his lips and gazed reflectively at the hot, mellow bowl. "Aye, Patsey, ye bes in the right o' it, for once, in a manner o' speakin'," he said, weightily; "but yer cheatin' map wouldn't ha' helped ye none but for the desperate pull o' hunger in the cold belly o' me empty pipe."

## THE "RHINO."

HERE and there on the grassy uplands, or hidden in the wooded hollows of British East Africa, lives the rhinoceros, shunned by all other game, huge, morose and solitary. Misunderstanding, perchance misunderstood, bold without knowledge, brave without discretion, one cannot but feel, after some acquaintance with the beast, that Nature has been hard on him, that a little more consideration, a little more sympathy, and the "rhino" would have no cause to lament a diminishing population and inadequate birth-rate. But Nature, as her habit is, has not gone out of her way to be kind; she has made no use of the material latent in the vast body; Evolution at her dictation has held his hand, and the "rhino" remains the stereotyped relic of a bygone age, when still stranger creatures browsed along the waters of a tropic Thames, when the mighty summits of Kilimanjaro and of Kenia were not conceived, of a time when the sole condition to survival was impermeability. And impermeability he achieved in those long past days, achieved it with an absolute success, achieved it so that no scheming tricks, no carefully-thought plan was necessary so that he might obtain food and water and the vanquishing of his enemies; he was impermeable to tooth and claw. He was impermeable, and they of the tooth and claw knew it. He was absolutely safe, and in that safety the brain stagnated, and Evolution stood back and waited while the "rhino" encompassed his death warrant. You see him afar off, massive and aggressive, storming through the grass like a great battleship through the ripple of a summer's sea; you watch him fidgeting from side to side in some chosen



spot, long since worn saucer-like with the scraping feet, or are suddenly aware of his huge bulk upraised. Ride across the plain, your "safari," a long black line of porters, the team of oxen, a mottled patch on the hillside far behind, and you may see, a few hundred yards away, a black ridge of somewhat unfamiliar aspect, or, more probably, be aroused from the semi-somnolence born of monotony by cries of "Faro!" from your men. That rather long black ridge, like and yet not quite like an ant-hill, surmounted by a row of birds—that is your "rhino." There he lies, sleeping through the long hot hours, a solitary beast in the open plain of dry golden grass. Unknown to yourself, you have crossed the wind of the sleeper, and the faintly-caught smell, unfamiliar and pregnant with alarm, brings him to his feet to stand alert, each move of the massive body and upraised head eloquent of disgust and resentment. He has you; five hundred odd yards away, yet he has you. The unwieldy parallelogram of flesh, which gave you your chance for a comfortable shot, zigzags in rapid spasmodic runs to and fro, across the plain, ever working up-wind, running now to this hand, now to that, and, as the scent strengthens with every tack, rearing you rapidly, looking less unwieldy, more agile at each advance. Now, now he has you with a vengeance. Straight at you he comes, galloping like a gigantic pig, and—you sigh too late for your comfortable shot. Or, perchance, his sole asset, his nose, proves unequal to the task of locating the seat of the disturbance, and forthwith anger surges within his vast frame. You stand and watch, not, it must be confessed, if you are new to the manners of the "rhino," without some tinge of anxiety. But this time there is to be no charge and no hasty firing of shots in the hope of turning, or of killing, the enemy. He sees an ostrich, and the sight of the bird serves as a vent for his ill-considered spleen. Off he goes in chase, full tilt, for half a mile or more, the biped complacently trotting on before (can it be that an ostrich has a sense of humour?), merely glancing over his wing now and again, carefully keeping distance. Soon it dawns on him that the thing in front he dimly sees has not that faintly-caught but evil smell; this idle chase grows wearisome,

and other forms loom up before him. Only a herd of hartebeeste; but he switches off suddenly in their direction, with scarce abated wrath, and disappears over an undulation of the plain, a bad second to any one of the flying white rumps scattering before him. The fool of the plains and hollows; a dangerous fool if you will, but still the fool. He has, in fact, no ideas, but one idea. His eyes are useless to him, he relies upon his nose, and his nose proves but an unsatisfactory and unreliable guide. Watch him carefully down-wind of his meditating self, as he stands hour after hour moving a few yards from side to side, forwards or backwards, shuffling, or lying nose on ground in ponderous doze, oblivious, while around him, unheeded, the life of the plains goes on. Black stand the summits of the hills against the rioting colours of the western sky, a chilliness is already in the air, the brief twilight is at hand. Slowly the game moves in to water, strings of black forms against the sky-line, silver, brown and sable in the light of the valley.

A long line of zebra, with drooping heads, file in from the outer plain; a herd of "kongoni" with dejected mien straggle obliquely waterwards; over a rise appears the black Roman nose and fierce shaggy head of an enquiring gnu. You have disturbed the life of the plains. The zebra pause and turn towards you a row of black muzzles and well-cocked ears, the "kongoni" their fiddle-shaped flat faces; a herd of gazelle move off, wagging black tails furiously against white thighs. Far away a pair of jackals running furtively stay their trot to gaze, sharp noses and bats' ears pointed at you. Cunning, foxy little chaps. And through it all our friend the "rhino" sleeps oblivious. Zebra may fight with teeth and fore feet for equine laurels; "kongoni" chase each other in far-drawn circles bent on love or play or war; the hyæna and the jackal purloin bones bravely from the lion's kill—it is all one to the "rhino." He has no interest in the life about him; he does not know of your detested presence, though he stand so close that every wrinkle of his hide be visible; like some old autocrat, sunk into sleep, whose grandchildren snap his commandments under his very nose, he is oblivious.

JOHN PARKINSON.

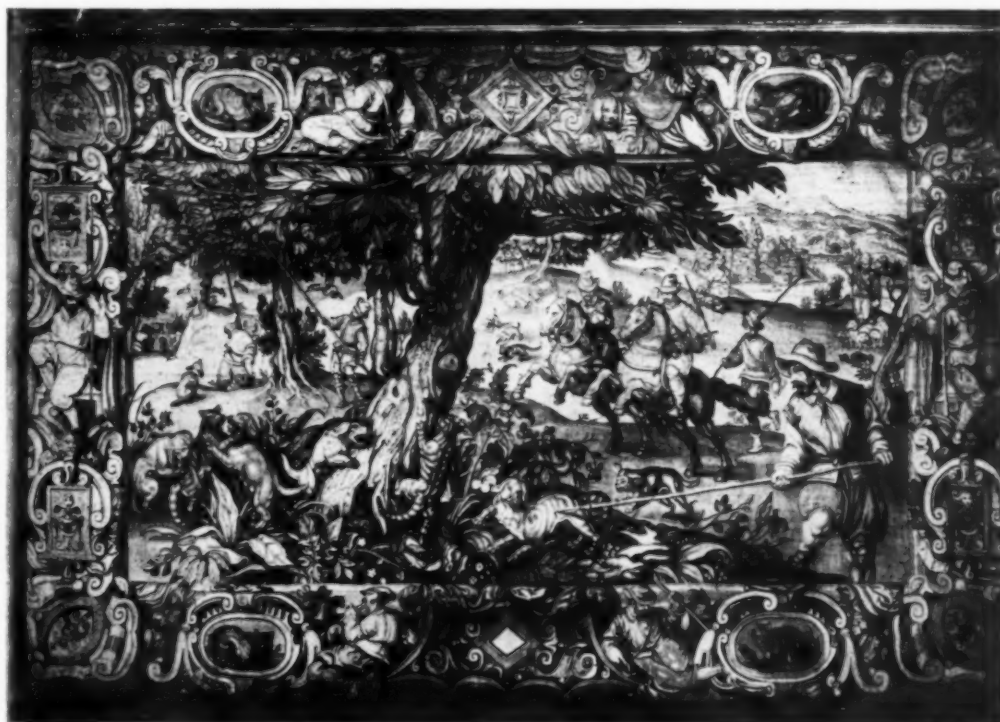
## THE MOST FAMOUS HUNTING TAPESTRIES.—II.

IN the previous article, when speaking of the four great series of hangings representing sporting subjects that have come down to us, we described that fine set of twelve panels designed by Bernard Van Orley which delight the visitor to the Louvre. The next artist that occupied himself with designing hunting tapestries was the Italianised Dutchman Jan van der Straet or Stradanus, with some of whose drawings the readers of COUNTRY LIFE have already been made familiar. In the present article we propose to deal only with the hangings that were made after his designs.

Our enquiry takes us right into the midst of one of the most interesting periods in the history of beautiful Florence, when

that immortal Medician patron of the fine arts, Cosimo I. (1519-74), occupied the throne of Tuscany. Soon after his accession this ambitious ruler, fired by the example of Hercules II. of Ferrara, who had re-established a manufactory of tapestry at his capital two or three years before on the lines of the *Atelier de Vigevano* at Milan, decided to do the same for his own capital, and, if possible, to attain for it even wider fame than that won by the tapissiers employed by his Ferrarese rival. The men the latter had secured were artists of fame—as master weavers the Flemings Nicolas and Jean Karcher or Carcher, and for designers Battista Dosso and Lucas Cornelisz—and they were turning out some very fine series, such as the "Metamor-

phoses," "The History of Hercules," etc. The Lord of Florence set to work with characteristic energy to outdo his rival, his first step being to induce the cleverer of the two brothers Karcher to migrate to the banks of the Arno. With him he associated another Fleming—for Flemish weavers were still considered by far the best—one Jean van Roost, also spelt Rost or Rostel, assigning to each of them the princely salary of six hundred gold crowns, with the further privilege of being permitted to work for strangers. Karcher and Roost, on their part, undertook to establish twenty-four looms, of which twelve had to be constantly kept at work, and to instruct apprentices gratuitously in their craft. Bronzino and then Salviati became designers of the establishment, called by the Medici ruler *Arazzeria Medicea*. It proved a very flourishing concern, and with brief intervals it remained so for just two centuries,



HANGINGS WOVEN IN FLORENCE: HUNTING THE WILD CAT.





AFTER A DESIGN BY STRADANUS: A PORCUPINE HUNT.

until the Medicis became extinct. Stradanus, a native of Bruges, seems, according to the latest researches, to have come to Florence in 1553, when he was thirty years of age. He had studied under various masters in Lyons and Venice, and had been a keen student, if not actually a pupil, of the immortal Michelangelo, some of whose less happy mannerisms he adopted. But all contemporary artists and writers, Salviati, Volterra, Borghini, Vasari, C. van Mander, were agreed that he was a great designer, and praised his free style and his fresh imagination. Stradanus, while helping Salviati to execute Pope Paul IV.'s order to paint the Salle des Rois, became mixed up in a much-talked-of quarrel between Salviati and Daniel de Volterra. The latter had been nicknamed the Breeches-maker, in consequence of his fulfilling the Pope's order to put draperies on the nude figures in Michelangelo's "Last Judgment." It was one of

sixteenth and seventeenth centuries tumbled over each other to engrave his drawings, while a host of lesser lights followed suit. To-day, the pendulum is beginning to swing the other way, and in the latest technical treatise his work as designer is coupled with those of Van der Weyden, Mantegna, Bernard van Orley and Leonardo da Vinci, so we can regard the abuse heaped upon his head by critics of the last generation as merely a passing foible.

For us, Stradanus' chief merit lies in the circumstance that he was the first artist who made sport his principal subject during a considerable part of his career, for Bernard van Orley, the only artist of similar tendencies, seems to have felt that he had exhausted the subject when he completed his twelve famous designs immortalising Maximilian's hunts. After working some time on probation at the Arazzeria Medicea, Stradanus was appointed official designer to the establishment, a post he

remained until 1571, by which time he had discovered that spiritedly designed hunting scenes met with more approval from the Duke and the *cognoscenti* than classical legends, biblical tales or allegorical "histories." His first really important work was for the Palace Poggio-a-Caiano, where tapestries woven after his design decorated twenty halls or stanzas. Before long his hunting pictures had won him such widespread fame that he entered into a sort of partnership with Antwerp art publishers, the first being Hieronymus Cock, who issued a small series of six copper-plates after Stradanus in the year 1570, and, at his death, with an even more energetic firm, *i.e.*, the Galle family, who during the next twenty years produced some three hundred engravings from his designs. One series, the much-copied *Venationes* set, consisted of as many as one hundred and four hunting scenes. Stradanus overdid his delineations of sport, and ran the subject fairly to ground; but that was more



DIGGING OUT BADGERS.



A BOAR HUNT.

the fault of the period, for the demand for his pictures became very much greater than the supply, and the diligent old Flemish artist in his studio on the banks of the Arno went on "inventing" possible and impossible, real and mythical sporting scenes. The Continent of Europe became flooded with hundreds of prints, many of which were the handiwork of very indifferent engravers, and of a decidedly degenerate type of art. Thanks to the Reformation and the popularisation of the printing press, Europe had suddenly become roused from its mediæval stupor, with the result that a strange and hitherto unheard-of craze

National Library in Florence to one of the most eminent German experts, Professor Kristeller, who, in spite of his having a special introduction from the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, was refused permission to consult more than three works of reference at a time, makes research work in Italy unpleasant and difficult.

It is said of Stradanus that he fashioned his men in the heavy moulds of his own countrymen, dressing them in Italian costume, and this is very near the truth. Unfortunately, we are unable to discover whether the sporting scenes he depicts were seen by him in the Lowlands or in Italy. Possibly they had been witnessed by him during his stay at Lyons, or in the course of his peregrinations across the Alps when on his way to his Promised Land south of the main chain.

Hunting the porcupine, the badger and the wild cat, which form the subjects of the first three hangings, indicate that already in his day nobler game had become scarce in the neighbourhood of Florence, while wild boar could only be found in the few existing forests in the higher Apennines and in some marshy districts. The scene depicting the latter chase is laid in winter, as is indicated by the fire in the background; but, as usual, the leafy trees and the blossoming flowers prove that we must not take details too seriously; truth was sacrificed to the exigencies of the art of tapestry-making, in the colour-schemes of which hundreds of shades of green formed the most important item.

The last of the four great series of hunting tapestries is



GOBELINS TAPESTRY OF LOUIS XV.'S HUNTS.



the set designed by Jean Baptiste Oudry (1686-1755), of which one copy is preserved at Fontainebleau and another much finer replica in the Uffizi and in the National Museum in Florence. Oudry was a painter of renown, with a curious history attached to his rise. When Peter the Great visited Paris, Oudry, then a little-known artist, painted his portrait. It pleased the great Russian, but at the same time drew the French King's attention to the unknown genius. As a consequence, Oudry dared to give an unpardonable affront to the Russian by refusing his quite exceptionally attractive offer to migrate to the newly-founded St. Petersburg. The result of this patriotic refusal was that Louis XV. appointed him Court painter, and he was also received into the Académie des Beaux Arts as an historical painter.

In consequence of an order received from the Duke of Antin to paint some hunting scenes, which attracted much attention, the King assigned him apartments in the Louvre, and for the remainder of his life he devoted himself to sporting subjects. In 1734 he was appointed Superintendent of Beauvais, and his success there caused him to be made head of the Gobelins manufacture. His famous panels called the "Chasse de Louis XV." were woven in the latter, and it took five years (1733-38) to complete them. Under his superintendence

called "Diane Chasseresse," is preserved in the Madrid palace, and we hope to show some reproductions of these on a future occasion.

WILLIAM A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### NEW ROSES OF THE YEAR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Roses have now reached a very high state of perfection, the interest in new varieties is as great as ever, and at the National Rose Society's Show held in London recently, it was almost impossible for the general public to gain access to the tent in which the new seedlings were staged. It is at this show that raisers in the United Kingdom, as well as France, exhibit the best of their new Roses, for the purpose of securing one or other of the various awards that the council of the society offers. Although these awards are made by a body of experts, it does not always follow that the Roses upon which they are bestowed are better than their forbears for garden or exhibition purposes; but, at the same time, they certainly must



ANOTHER PANEL OF THE "CHASSE DE LOUIS XV." DESIGNED BY OUDRY

Van Orley's "Hunts of Emperor Maximilian" were reproduced after two centuries, and a great number of single hangings representing sporting subjects were woven for the adornment of Louis XV.'s numerous hunting seats; but none approaches in beauty of execution, exquisite design and splendour of colour the set from which our photographs have been made. It would be interesting to discover how it came about that the best set were allowed to leave France; but in view of the attitude observed by the custodians of Italian collections, at any rate towards strangers, the writer has been unable to solve this problem.

When we said that these four representative series of hunting tapestries, dating respectively one from the fifteenth, two from the sixteenth and one from the eighteenth century, are the principal series, it must be remembered that this is based upon our present knowledge of the subject. Possibly the Madrid and Vienna *Garde Meuble* may contain other important series on our subject, for the vast treasures left by Charles V., in whose reign the manufacture of tapestry reached its zenith, came to be divided between these two capitals and Brussels. The latter treasures were unfortunately burned in the disastrous fire which destroyed the old palace. It is known that a fine set of nine panels,

possess some points that make them of exceptional merit at the time they are placed before the judges.

The Rose that created the greatest sensation this year was a beautiful flower named Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. It hailed from Scotland, a country that possesses its drawbacks in the production of good Roses, and was, therefore, all the more interesting. It was raised by crossing the well-known, beautiful but scentless Frau Karl Druschki with the old Niphetos, and is said to possess the best points of both its parents. The colour is pale cream, and the flower is very deep and pointed, besides possessing a delightful fragrance. It was unanimously awarded a gold medal, a very rare occurrence in judging new Roses. A similar award was given to a superb variety appropriately named Old Gold. It came from the Emerald Isle, and had long, pointed flowers of rich old gold colour shaded intense orange scarlet. It apparently possessed a good habit and was deliciously fragrant.

Sunburst, a new variety of glorious golden or orange yellow hue, had already been shown on several occasions from plants grown under glass, but the judges now had it before them from outdoor plants, and marked their appreciation of it by awarding its French raiser a silver-gilt medal. The flowers are long and pointed, and it promises to be a very good garden Rose. Silver-gilt medals were



also given to the following varieties: Queen Mary, a beautiful Rose, the colour of which is most difficult to describe, rich yellow, however, playing a prominent part in a unique combination; it should prove a good garden Rose. Mrs. C. Reed ought to be good for exhibition and garden purposes; it is of cream flesh tint, heavily shaded lemon yellow, and the flowers possess plenty of substance. Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt was a Rose that I liked very much; it possessed the same glorious orange yellow tone that we get in Sunburst, the flowers not so long but full and sweet. Judging by its habit it ought to make a good bedding Rose if the colour will stand the sun. The colour of Mrs. Edith Part, a large, superb Irish Rose, is difficult of description; glowing flesh pink tinted with orange and red will, perhaps, give some idea of its marvellous hues, but it is a Rose that must be seen for its beauty to be appreciated. It ought to make a good exhibition and garden variety. William Cooper is a large Rose of good substance, and the colour as shown was very taking; it may best be described as carmine rose deeply tinted with orange yellow. Unfortunately, many of the Roses of this colour fade badly in bright sunshine, and if William Cooper does not possess this undesirable trait, it will be a welcome addition to our bedding Roses.

Mrs. C. D. Hunting is another variety of yellow hue. It possesses a good, branching habit, with moderately deep and well-formed flowers. It will be best as a garden Rose. Lady Mary Ward is also a yellow Rose, possessing a much deeper orange tint than that useful and beautiful variety, Duchess of Wellington. Mrs. R. D. McClure, which completes the list of those that obtained silver-gilt medals, is a full, pointed Rose, in shape like Lady Ashtown, but with a pronounced salmon pink tint. It should form a good Rose for exhibition and bedding.

I was pleased to see the president of the society, the Rev. J. H. Pemberton, secure a silver medal for his new rambler named Moonlight. It is a moschata Rose with perpetual flowering qualities, the colour of the flowers being pale lemon. Mr. Pemberton has been working for some years to obtain a perpetual-flowering climbing Rose with yellow blossoms, and, judging by *Danaë*, which he exhibited a year or two ago, and the one now under notice, he is on the fair road to success.

F. W. H.

## THE PEONY SEASON.

THE arrival of a box of most handsome Peonies from Messrs. Kelway and Son, Langport, serves to remind us of the usefulness of these hardy flowers at this season. One special feature of the Peony is found in its hardiness, and it is justly claimed for all kinds of Peonies that they are as hardy as the Dock by the wayside, thriving in any soil and needing not the slightest protection,

as neither the severest frost in winter nor the most biting wind of spring will do them harm. Among the flowers sent none was more noteworthy for their delicate tones and beautiful shades in colour than those of the new section known as the Imperial. These flowers, unlike both singles and doubles, have outer shell-like guard petals surrounding a rosette of narrow petaloids and golden filaments. The variety A. M. Kelway of this section is particularly charming, and the same may be said of Queen Alexandra.

H. C.

## A BEAUTIFUL SEA HOLLY.

One of the most interesting plants in the herbaceous border during July, August and the early days of September is the Sea Holly known as *Eryngium Oliverianum*. Its curious, Teazle-shaped flower-heads are produced freely on branching stems from two and a-half feet to three feet high, and a single plant will, owing to its branching habit, cover a considerable space. Both flowers and stems are coloured rich amethyst blue, and it is principally in this colour that the charm of the plant lies. In common with other members of the genus this Sea Holly likes an open, sunny position, though it will grow in one that is partially

shaded. It also appreciates well-drained, moderately rich soil. If good-sized branches are cut when fully developed and coloured, and subsequently dried, they will last in good condition for a long time, and come in very useful for decorations during the winter months when fresh flowers are not easily obtained. The large Sea Holly, *Eryngium giganteum*, is also a handsome plant in the border and for winter decorations, its glistening white rigid stems and large bracts and flowers rendering it a conspicuous object at this season.

## THE BLUE-FLOWERED WATER-LILY.

Although not quite hardy in many localities, the blue-flowered Water-lily (*Nymphaea stellata*) can be successfully grown outdoors in the warmer parts of the country, such as Devon and Cornwall, and even in the London district where some protection can be afforded. At Gunnersbury House Gardens, Acton, the head-gardener, Mr. James Hudson, grows it to perfection in the open. Generally speaking, however, it is best adapted for a pool in a cool or moderately warm greenhouse, where its exquisite, sky blue flowers can be thrust well up above the surface. Given the slight protection already referred to, it is not more difficult than others of its tribe to cultivate. The accompanying illustration represents a good plant of this Water-lily growing in a Fern-lined grotto, the whole forming a delightfully

cool retreat during the summer. There are now several varieties of *Nymphaea stellata*, one of the best being that known as the Berlin variety.

H.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## TO PROTECT VINES FROM MEALY BUGS.

SIR,—I would be very pleased if you could tell me the best remedy for a greenhouse which is covered with mealy bugs. The grapes have just been thinned.—A. W. K.-M.

[Tie cotton-wool round the stems of each bunch; this will prevent the pest from reaching the berries. Dress the stems and bark with a strong solution of soft soap (using a portion about the size of a hen's egg to a pail of warm water). This should be well rubbed into the branches with a stiff brush. In the winter, when the vines are resting, thoroughly cleanse the rods with a solution of soft soap and paraffin, and have the rafters and glass also cleansed with this solution.—E.D.]



C. J. King

BLUE WATER-LILIES AND FERNS.

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WHILE we may leave strategists and antiquaries to settle the authenticity of the traditions woven around the scene of Julius Cæsar's "Battle of the River," which might well be the emergence of Chilham in history, it is fair to say that, as we stand on the castle keep, few things seem more credible. Gazing over an amphitheatre of hills surrounding this venerable watch-tower, the eye first lights on the hill above Chartham. This marks the deep gap through which Cæsar's army, skirting Canterbury on the right, might have emerged at dawn after the night march of about twelve Roman miles from the then existing coast-line of Deal. The attention is next caught by the pale circle of an early camp on the grassy slopes in front, with, near by, the traditional Jull-laber mound, supposed burial monument of Cæsar's Tribune Quintus Laberius Durus. The hilly surroundings, still clad with ancient trees, fall within the compass of Cæsar's terse despatch, "The enemy having posted themselves behind a river, with their cavalry and chariots, attacked us from the higher ground in order to oppose our passage, but being repulsed by our horse they retreated towards the woods into a place strongly fenced both by nature and art, that in all probability had been fortified before on occasion of some domestic war, for all the avenues were secured by strong barricadoes of felled trees."

Our purpose, however, is to visualise Chilham Castle as on a platform in the middle of these enclosing Kentish hills, to make the reader understand the grandiose wish of Bishop

Wilberforce to own as his estate all that the eye sees from the keep, with Canterbury Cathedral, appearing just above the ridge, as his private chapel. Since his day, however, the avenue of trees leading to the façade, planted by Mr. J. B. Wildman in 1817, has grown so tall as to shut out the Cathedral towers. The spacing of the avenues is forty feet for the inner and sixty-seven feet for the outer lines, as figured on a plan of that date. The park itself is full of magnificent trees, among which are a maple, a black walnut of notable dimensions, and the remains of a great beech which surpassed Newbattle beech by about six feet in girth. There has been a heronry here for seven hundred years. An imperfect Edwardian document called Kirby's inquest records a grant of land in heronry between the eighth and twenty-first years of Edward I. Chilham was definitely a Roman station; the village is still laid out on a square plan with four roads, and the castle keep may well have a basis of very early work in its octagonal structure. The Normans were prompt to recognise the commanding nature of the post at the Y junction for Ashford and Canterbury, with a gap towards Faversham. Their castle is said to have had three bails with a gate, or barbican, and other buildings, the total enclosure amounting to eight acres. The command was linked with Dover, and floating tradition has embodied this in a delightful legend of a subterranean tunnel from Chilham Keep to Dover Castle. Without the addition of myth, the keep is of an extraordinary and puzzling interest.







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SIR DUDLEY DIGGES' PORCH: 1616.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The only remaining original window has interesting detail, very rounded in the section of the jamb, like Norman work in Sicily. The octagon room at the top has always been the State apartment. It is about twenty-two feet across, and is lined with Georgian wood panelling, possibly of James Colebrooke's era of ownership, as a glazed cupola lantern, which no longer exists, appears in Buck's view of 1741. An ample staircase of circular steps, restored by Mr. C. S.

Hardy with brick risers, connects the present two floors, which in old times were three. The lower portion of the keep fell on evil times, being converted into a brewery by George, son of James Colebrooke. It first received attention and care from Mr. Thomas Heron in 1785. It was then and for long after smothered in ivy, and Mr. C. S. Hardy has rendered a great service in his courageous removal of the incubus. As a result, after long being hidden,



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TERRACE STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the keep now stands out in something like its original impressiveness. Mr. C. S. Hardy also drove a tunnel through the mound on which the keep stands, to reach the so-called underground dungeon, where, in fact, some fifteen skeletons were found, one in particular being in a seated, or crouched, position in the angle of the wall near which the opening was forced through.

The top of the keep commands the Jacobean house of 1616, to which (as one fallen

on prosaic days) it now serves as a water-tower. The hexagonal plan of the newer house, with its internal horse-shoe court, open at the back, was contrived with such skill that the radiating roofs of ruddy Kentish tiles, straddled by tall bold groups of clustered brick chimneys, combine without undue confusion in the pleasing intricacy of buildings below. The warm red-brick walls, with sparing relief of lichen-spotted masonry, subtly differentiate the English home from the grey



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BIRDSEYE VIEW FROM ROOF OF KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



masses of the Norman castle. Lambarde says that "he had read that upon a time King John came to Chilham to treat with Stephen Langton the Archbishop for a reconciliation to be had between them."

Between the two epochs, however, came a great house of the Badlesmere family, the castle and manor of Chilham being

and Roese de Dorer his wife), for which his estates had been forfeited to the Crown. Kilburn says Chilham continued in Badlesmere's name and family until the time of Richard the Second, at which time it came to the Earl of Rutland and remained in his family up to the time of Henry the Eighth. By King Henry it was



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THE STAIRCASE

"COUNTRY LIFE."

granted by Edward II. in his fifth year to Bartholomew Lord Badlesmere, and again to his son by Edward II. in his eighth year. This had followed on the execution in 1307, the last year of Edward I., of John de Strabolgie, Earl of Athol in Scotland, for treason in joining Robert de Brus in right of Isabel his mother (one of the co-heirs of Richard de Chilham

granted to Sir Thomas Cheney, who resided here, and Leland in his Itinerary says, "the building was not only commodious, and beautiful for pleasure but strong also for defence and resistance and so continued until Sir Thomas Cheney translated the best of the materials to his house at Shuriland in the Isle of Sheppey." The materials were used

to construct a great house built round seven courtyards. Part of this house, including the great entrance between two octagon towers, still remains. It was used as a farmhouse, but has been unoccupied for many years. His extravagant son, created a baron by Queen Elizabeth, had to sell to Sir Thomas Kemp, whose son of the same name left four daughters heiresses. Mary Kemp brought Chilham to Sir Dudley Digges, as their joint names with the date 1616 cut on the architrave over the arched entrance of the Jacobean mansion still testify. Just above is the text: "The Lord: is my: house of: defence: and my: Castle:" running through the metopes of the frieze, the divisional spaces being the triglyphs of the Doric order as varied by the freedom of the Jacobean designer.

The 1616 castle of Chilham is linked by persistent tradition (as recorded by Mr. T. Heron in his MSS., "Antiquities of Chilham," 1791) with the famous architect, Inigo Jones. Mr. Heron writes: "It was in his first style which bordered much on that bastard style then used, called King James Gothic. He afterwards adopted the Grecian Style which being that of his greater designs, in his highest eminence, more particularly characterised the works of that great master; & from thence many make it the criterion to distinguish them." He refers to Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting and other authors as well as constant tradition. The wording is not as we should put it nowadays, nor is Walpole's book of decisive importance, though it may

well have embodied material and tradition that is not to be despised and may now be lost.

The main interest lies in the view we take of Inigo Jones' rise as an architect. Born in 1573, on his father's death in 1596 he went to Italy up to 1604, and may have been at the Danish Court in the service of King Christian prior to that date; the tradition is that he was sent for from Venice. He is known, however, to have been in England for a masque in 1604-5. King Christian of Denmark was a



Copyright. AN ORIGINAL CEILING AND CHIMNEY-PIECE. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. A DUTCH CLOCK. "C.L."

visitor to England in 1606, and the old supposition was that Inigo Jones accompanied him. Inigo Jones was a King's Messenger to France in 1609. Sir D. Digges, knighted in 1607, was, it is worth recalling, an Ambassador to Russia, and was authorised to advance to its Emperor £10,000 from the funds of the East India Company, which he had founded in 1612. Inigo Jones served as Surveyor to Henry, Prince of Wales, from 1610 up to his death in 1612, and, apart from any architectural work he may have done, was occupied in the production of the famous Court masques, supplying scenery and devices to Ben Jonson's libretti. Over the ordering of these performances a violent quarrel between the two allies broke out, leading to much satire aimed by Ben at his former associate, and various deductions have been based on these libels. Jones, being neglected at Court between 1612 and 1621, went to Italy a second time in 1613, but was in London on a flying visit in January, 1614, and definitely returned home in the autumn of that year. He was appointed Surveyor-General of Works in 1615. Now Chilham Castle is known by the Church



registers and by the date 1616 over the doorway to have been occupied but not completed in that year. Two entries relate to workmen engaged on the new house: "Simon Rennet one of the workmen under Mr. Smith in Sir Dudley Digges his work was buried here the 28th of August 1616. His dwelling was at Chiswick in Middlesex." "Humphrey Battle was buried the 30th Sept. 1616. He was a labourer with Mr. Smith." The third entry relates to the birth of a daughter: "Mistress Ann the daughter of Sir Dudley Digges Knt. baptised 3rd July 1616." In deeds of that date Sir Dudley Digges is described as "of Chilham Castle."

Mr. Smith was doubtless the builder, and it looks as if he was from the neighbourhood of London. The workman from Chiswick is curious in view of the mention of Putney on the monument of Sir Dudley Digges' sister, Margaret, wife of Sir Antony Palmer, "whose goodness where shee lived and died, since it cannot be buried in Putney, needed noe epitaph." Her death at Putney in the thirty-third year of her age was on September 22nd, 1619. Allan Cunningham mentions a tradition that at one period of his life Inigo Jones had a house at Staines. In 1610-11 he had drawn up estimates for work



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TABLE WITH "LION MASK" LEGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

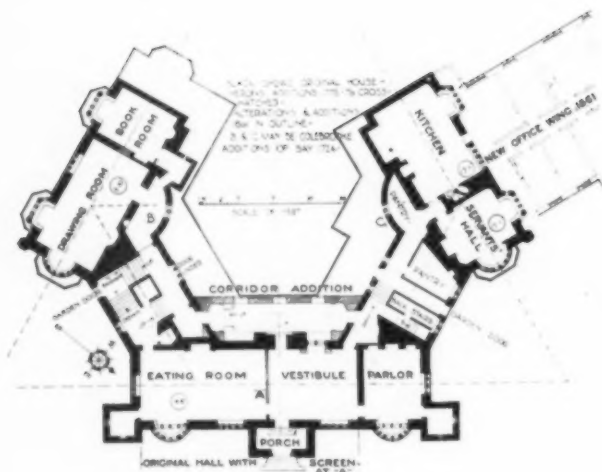
to the Palaces at Sheen and Richmond. Sir Dudley Digges came from Digges Court, Barham, and his town house was in Philip Lane, St. Mary Aldermanbury. Inigo Jones made designs for the Star Chamber in 1617 and laid out Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1618, and tradition has also connected him



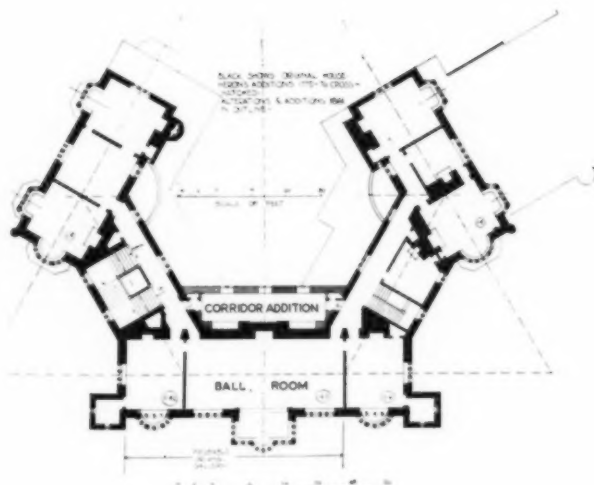
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CHARLES II. CHAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

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Mr. Brandon split up the old Great Chamber on the first floor in the centre of the façade into three rooms by a new brick cross wall and two new partitions, an interior of either Mr. Colebrooke's or Mr. James Wildman's date was destroyed. The old Jacobean Great Chamber ceiling had disappeared already, and the room had been subdivided before, but not in this drastic fashion. The greater height of this centre room over the two end rooms with the Jacobean ceilings seems conclusive evidence that on this side of the house, at any rate, there never was a long gallery of the older type. The contrary supposition means that the Colebrookes must have raised the whole second floor by over three feet, and the fact that the design of the oriel agrees with the high level also tells against the idea. Mr. Brandon has lowered the ceiling and carried through the second floor at one level; but the original heights are recorded in Mr. Heron's book and existed up to 1862. Of other remaining Jacobean work there is the main staircase. The arcade of three arches on the first floor is of pleasing proportions for internal woodwork—a slender Doric column on a very tall pedestal, and surmounted by a caryatid figure of Jacobean fantasy, with the customary strapwork ornamentation.

After the Jacobean epoch there was a considerable introduction of sash windows, as well as of other woodwork, in panelling and doors of a Georgian character. The alteration of the windows, begun probably by the Colebrookes, was continued by Mr. Heron and completed by Mr. James Wildman before 1808. One of Miss Emily Wildman's sketches shows us the dining-room as it was, with large panels above a chair-rail and six panel doors in oak, and white architraves and entablatures with broken pediments over. There does not seem to be any record of these internal alterations. Seeing, however, that Chilham passed by purchase in 1724 from the Digges' descendants to Mr. James Colebrooke and his son, Mr. Robert Colebrooke, and remained their property until the sale by Act of Parliament to Mr. Thomas Heron of Newark-upon-Trent in 1774, there is a period of fifty years in which the work was most probably done.

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The many strands in the life of Chilham Castle are woven with that of the church close by; the yew tree at the door might claim old acquaintance with the keep, while each family in turn has left monuments, many of them of great interest. That of Sir Dudley Digges and Mary Kemp must be particularly referred to, because it brings on the scene that familiar of Inigo Jones, Nicholas Stone. The relationship between these two men has not been fully unravelled, but we know that it must have been very close. There is a strong probability that Jones may have given a sketch for this monument, the idea of which surpasses the sculptor's power of execution, as in the case of the famous Water Gate of York Palace.

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His fame will ever stand on the great design of Whitehall Palace, with the existing fragment, the Banqueting House in Whitehall, to guarantee its supreme quality. Rainham, Coleshill and Wilton remain to illustrate Jones' influence on domestic architecture; but side by side with these there is the lovely garden front of St. John's College, Oxford. The standing marvel of Jones' art is that as in Italy he stood aloof from the rising school of Bernini, Carlo Maderno and Borromini, so in his own country he rose above the pedantry of the Jacobean age. Inigo Jones thought in a large way, and could handle an heroic scale without degenerating into coarseness and vulgarity. The sweetness of his detail has made his work appeal to many who remain indifferent to Renaissance art. It seems natural to link his name with Van Dyck and Purcell as holding in architecture a position as unique in this quality of distinction as theirs in painting and music. There is, however, a gap in his development to be filled up, and a perennial interest attaches to it in the first essays of genius. It would be easy to arrive at the character of individuals if we could eliminate those aspects which puzzle us. Something like this occurs in the clear-cut analysis of the work of an artist with which the subject is too often dismissed. It may please us to think of Inigo Jones as having been (and not alone in the beginning of his career) susceptible to the vagaries and charms of the earlier style, and Chilham, fresh from its designer's hands, must have been no unworthy specimen of Jacobean architecture.

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## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A DAY IN THE CHANNEL.

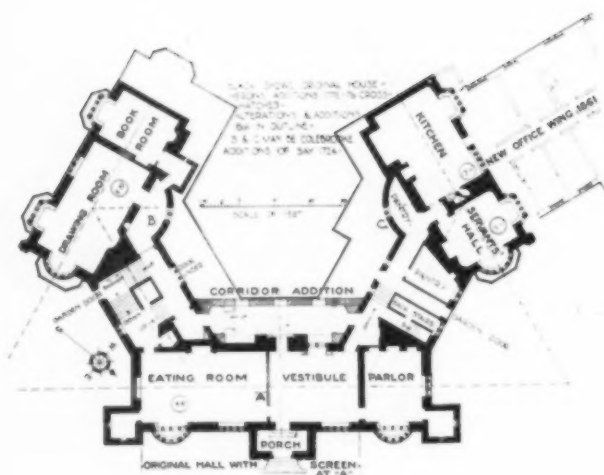
SOME of the finest sea-fishing in the world—that experienced in False Bay at the Cape of Good Hope—has lessened, perhaps rather unduly, one's opinion of the sport to be obtained in the English Channel. Yet, as a matter of sober fact, quite good fishing is to be got round our coast-line, and one wonders that more people do not avail themselves of the pleasures to be realised on a summer's day from easily-accessible places. Last week I sailed out with a friend in the direction of the Royal Sovereign Lightship, which lies at her moorings some seven miles out in the Channel, between Beachy Head and Hastings. It was a dull, greyish day, with the sun occasionally peeping out, and what little wind there was veering a good deal with the great masses of threatening cloud which at times lowered above the horizon. As a matter of fact, no rain fell, and the temperature was warm and pleasant. We had just enough breeze to carry us out four miles, after which we took to the oars, and, pulling for another half-mile or so, cast our anchor—a big piece of stone serving that purpose. We had two seven-foot rods and a hand-line, each equipped with paternoster tackle, carrying three hooks. Our bait consisted of pieces of fresh mackerel and lug-worms, the mackerel being chiefly used in the hope of attracting some of the conger eels, which are plentiful in this water. The Royal Sovereign Lightship lies near the edge of a very large expanse of rock, several miles in length and breadth, which yields on good days excellent sport in this part of the Channel. Lobsters and crabs are plentiful, and it says much for the unfailing harvest of the sea that the local fishermen, who and whose forbears have for untold generations set their "pots" here, to this day seldom return empty-handed. Frequently their catches are quite considerable, and well worth the labour of fetching.

WHITING-POUT.

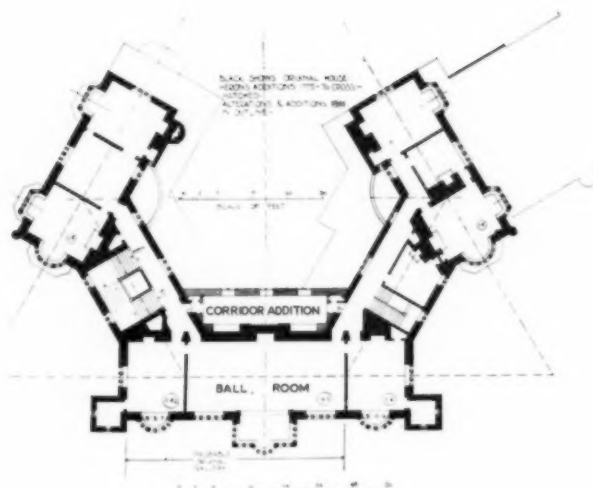
Our lines being baited and let down, we have not long to wait for sport. There is a nice tide running, always a desirable thing when paternostering. In two minutes a tug at my rod informs me that fish are on the feed. I reel up, and a decent whiting-pout of three-quarters of a pound is in the landing-net. Rebaiting and letting down again, I am speedily at work. This time a brace of pout are hooked and landed. At the same moment one of my two companions is successful, again with a nice pout. It is impossible to describe in detail our small adventures with these prolific fish. Suffice it to record the fact that between 11 o'clock and 2.30 we landed fifty-six whiting-pout—mainly the bag of two rods. Our third fisherman, a youngster, was most of the time, unfortunately, *hors de combat*, the "joggle" of the boat at anchor being too much for him. Some of these fish were of quite good proportions, running up to a pound and a-half, and occasionally close on two pounds. This whiting is not so well known on the fishmonger's slab as the silver whiting, often referred to by Sussex boatmen as "invalid fish." It is, nevertheless, quite a good table fish, and as it comes fresh out of the sea, with its pale golden bronze hue, smooth skin and shapely proportions, is, in truth, a very handsome species. It has long white barbules near the mouth, and is, in fact, a member of the great cod family. A marvellously free-biting race, whiting-pout, in suitable ground near a rocky bottom, exist in countless numbers, which no amount of fishing seems to exhaust. These fish occasionally run to as much as five pounds in weight, but the casual sea-angler seldom hooks and lands one scaling more than two, or at most three, pounds. If he does, he is distinctly a lucky man.

SOME SEA ASPECTS.

On this warm, sun-veiled, yet gleaming day, the aspect of the sea is very varying. Curiously mutable are the reflections yielded



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

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SOME of the finest sea-fishing in the world—that experienced in False Bay at the Cape of Good Hope—has lessened, perhaps rather unduly, one's opinion of the sport to be obtained in the English Channel. Yet, as a matter of sober fact, quite good fishing is to be got round our coast-line, and one wonders that more people do not avail themselves of the pleasures to be realised on a summer's day from easily-accessible places. Last week I sailed out with a friend in the direction of the Royal Sovereign Lightship, which lies at her moorings some seven miles out in the Channel, between Beachy Head and Hastings. It was a dull, greyish day, with the sun occasionally peeping out, and what little wind there was veering a good deal with the great masses of threatening cloud which at times lowered above the horizon. As a matter of fact, no rain fell, and the temperature was warm and pleasant. We had just enough breeze to carry us out four miles, after which we took to the oars, and, pulling for another half-mile or so, cast our anchor—a big piece of stone serving that purpose. We had two seven-foot rods and a hand-line, each equipped with paternoster tackle, carrying three hooks. Our bait consisted of pieces of fresh mackerel and lug-worms, the mackerel being chiefly used in the hope of attracting some of the conger eels, which are plentiful in this water. The Royal Sovereign Lightship lies near the edge of a very large expanse of rock, several miles in length and breadth, which yields on good days excellent sport in this part of the Channel. Lobsters and crabs are plentiful, and it says much for the unfailing harvest of the sea that the local fishermen, who and whose forbears have for untold generations set their "pots" here, to this day seldom return empty-handed. Frequently their catches are quite considerable, and well worth the labour of fetching.

### WHITING-POUT.

Our lines being baited and let down, we have not long to wait for sport. There is a nice tide running, always a desirable thing when paternostering. In two minutes a tug at my rod informs me that fish are on the feed. I reel up, and a decent whiting-pout of three-quarters of a pound is in the landing-net. Rebaiting and letting down again, I am speedily at work. This time a brace of pout are hooked and landed. At the same moment one of my two companions is successful, again with a nice pout. It is impossible to describe in detail our small adventures with these prolific fish. Suffice it to record the fact that between 11 o'clock and 2.30 we landed fifty-six whiting-pout—mainly the bag of two rods. Our third fisherman, a youngster, was most of the time, unfortunately, *hors de combat*, the "joggle" of the boat at anchor being too much for him. Some of these fish were of quite good proportions, running up to a pound and a-half, and occasionally close on two pounds. This whiting is not so well known on the fishmonger's slab as the silver whiting, often referred to by Sussex boatmen as "invalid fish." It is, nevertheless, quite a good table fish, and as it comes fresh out of the sea, with its pale golden bronze hue, smooth skin and shapely proportions, is, in truth, a very handsome species. It has long white barbules near the mouth, and is, in fact, a member of the great cod family. A marvellously free-biting race, whiting-pout, in suitable ground near a rocky bottom, exist in countless numbers, which no amount of fishing seems to exhaust. These fish occasionally run to as much as five pounds in weight, but the casual sea-angler seldom hooks and lands one scaling more than two, or at most three, pounds. If he does, he is distinctly a lucky man.

### SOME SEA ASPECTS.

On this warm, sun-veiled, yet gleaming day, the aspect of the sea is very varying. Curiously mutable are the reflections yielded

by the surface of the water, now disturbed only by the steady set of the tide, a slight ripple and an occasional peaceful swell. Purplish greens of lovely hue, anon purples, then oil greens are to be noted on the changing sea face; a heavy cloud looms up in the distance and the whole surface is dark sea green, which yields to a paler iridescent colour as the cloud veers off and the sun once more is nearly showing his countenance. In the shallow Channel, of course, one never sets eyes on that matchless colouring of deep ultramarine which one sees in the almost unfathomable waters of the Atlantic; you must have immense depth and clearness to attain the "blue water" of the sailor-man. Still, if you watch the Channel face on a fine summer's day, especially with clouds racing over the sky and a brilliant sun, you may catch some marvellous effects of colour, light and shade. There are not many birds about to-day as we lie at anchor. A few swifts are chasing their prey above us, though we are nearly five miles from land. Occasional guillemots, spick-and-span in their summer plumage, float by on the tide; one of them drifts past within twenty feet of the boat, quite undisturbed at our proximity. These, I take it, are unattached birds, unconcerned with the labours and joys of nesting. Otherwise they would be with their wives and families on some ledge of rock or chalk on a high sea cliff busily plying up and down in the act of procuring food for their offspring. Sussex fisherfolk eat these birds, and our boatman maintains that they are as palatable as tame ducks if properly prepared. His plan is to pluck them and then soak them in salt and water for a night before cooking. I fear I could no more relish guillemots than I could the fishy black-duck (Scoters), which are to be seen in winter along this coast-line in thousands. Just now no black-duck are in evidence; they are away in the far North, nesting on islands among remote freshwater lakes, or amid heathy bogs. During the hard snap of last February we had along this coast-line Brent and white-fronted and greylag geese, smew, sheldrake and other wildfowl, some of which were shot by enterprising gunners about the Pevensey marsh country. Gulls are, of course, often in evidence to-day, and a cormorant or two are occasionally sighted.

#### SEA-BREAM.

We have been expecting, all this while that we have been busy with the whiting-pout, a visit or visits from those game, free-biting fish, the sea-bream. Somehow we are not in great luck with them, though a few come our way. You can never mistake the touch of a bream as compared with that of a pout. He lays hold of the bait with determination and fights as pluckily as a sea-trout. At intervals five of these lusty fish, running between a pound and a pound and a-half, are hooked, played and duly landed, after some quite brisk minutes of sport. Most of us know the handsome sea-bream, with their perch-like shape and sharp dorsal spines. These are gregarious fish, and on a good day in this part of the Channel you may capture fair numbers of them.

#### CONGER.

We had only two touches with conger on this day, both of which fell to my rod. One of these, quite a good fish, I lost in mid water after a stirring bout. The other, a nice twelve-pounder, after a short but strenuous struggle of five minutes, I got to the boat-side, where our fisherman deftly gaffed it and got it aboard. Plenty of these formidable eels frequent the Royal Sovereign Rocks, some of them attaining to monstrous size—seventy or eighty pounds, and even more. I remember having very good sport with conger off the old rickety pier—long since vanished—at Westward Ho! My biggest capture there, with a hand-line, reached nineteen pounds. Congers, unlike prawns and lobsters, are very dainty feeders, and you can only hope to catch them with the freshest of bait. Pieces of fresh herring, mackerel, pilchard, small rockling and squid are all good lures for these fish. It is worthy of note that the female conger invariably attains to the heaviest weight; scientists will tell you that the males seldom, if ever, exceed five pounds, while the females reach as much as one hundred pounds. The flesh of this great eel is white and delicate, and hot conger pie, well flavoured with a bottom layer of seasoning and other adjuncts (see Mrs. Beeton), is a first-rate dish. The day passes pleasantly enough. By three o'clock the best of the sport is over, and so, getting up anchor and hoisting sail, we make for home. The bag, when counted out on the beach, totals sixty-two fish, with which we are reasonably well content. There are plenty of civil, well-conducted boatmen on the South Coast, well versed in all phases of sea sport. One can only wonder that their services are not more often requisitioned by the thousands of visitors who flock to the coast in summer.

H. A. BRYDEN.

## THE DISUSED QUARRY.

DEEP and oval, and larger than any amphitheatre, it is cut into the slope of a gentle hillside. There is an entrance where carts and stone-trolleys now and then pass, but the old quarry has been so little worked of late that summer heat and winter rains have almost obliterated the ancient wheel-ruts. The nearest village, almost a mile away, has used but little building stone during the last quarter of a century. The number of its inhabitants has been reduced by a third and some of its dwellings are untenanted. Now that flints and harder metal can be brought from afar at so cheap a rate, it does not pay to make and mend high-roads with stone so soft as ours. So the clink of tools is rarely heard and the alarms of blasting explosions no longer

echo among the hills. The place is given over to solitude and many living things that love quiet have taken it for a home.

On the top of the section lies a stratum of loam and stone-brash. In this both rabbits and sand-martins have bored their holes. Of the ledges on the rock below jackdaws have taken advantage for secure nesting-places. In the rifts starlings lay their pale blue eggs. In the middle of the pit is a great heap of waste and rubbish. Purple thistles and golden ragwort flourish in the light soil and beds of nettles grow rankly among the stones. The whitethroat comes in spring and creeps stealthily to build under the cool green shadows. There are even bushes—hawthorn, elder—and a tangle of brambles, with some wild raspberry canes, all bird-sown. But this mound has been honeycombed by rabbits, and every season two pairs of wheatears come and find eligible sites in the entrances to the burrow. So the old quarry is full of life, and where there is life there is always drama.

I love in summer to creep into the shelter of a patch of sweet-smelling furze near to the edge of the cliff and look down and watch. At the mere sound of an approaching step the rabbits will have all scuttled into their holes. Or if you come noiselessly, passing daws will catch sight of you to fly away and circle overhead ejaculating a chorus of warnings to each other and all the world at the first sight of an intruder. Life, in spite of its variety of forms, is so much one, that all living creatures take alarm at the disturbance of neighbours more on the alert than themselves. When the sentinel rook caws his warning from the hedgerow elm, and his comrades spread their glistening wings and rise from the yellow stubble to the tops of the trees, the covey that has been resting in peace commences to run. When the blackbird darts shrieking from the winter hedge, quick as a mouse, the wren for a moment runs to hide under the shelter of the maple root. So at first the quarry appears to be deserted. But to the intimate watching of wild creatures, if you have that love of them without which no man can hope to be a naturalist, you need only bring one virtue—patience. Your only skill is to be able to wait long enough and keep still. If in half-an-hour you get up and say "Nothing is going to happen to-day," you have but wasted your time. Something always happens—sooner or later. The life you wish to observe may have been disturbed and driven away by an intrusion more dangerous than your own, but if you have found its haunt it will return. If you are watching its home it must at last come out. The only working principle is that something must happen. And it does.

So for a while all is quiet and you remain still. True, there are sounds, but they do not interfere with the quietude. The starlings and the daws are not silent when they feed their young, but they express only satisfaction and contentment. The whitethroat sings on the wing and drops again into the bed of nettles. Presently a young rabbit comes and peeps from a hole. All seems reassuring and safe. He ventures out. His brothers and sisters quickly join him and the whole litter comes out upon the heap of smooth trodden loam at the mouth of the hole, like a household of children on a cottage doorstep. Soon they take courage to wander abroad, making short advances and sudden stops, until at last one at a time they pass out of sight among the ragwort or behind the bush. The older rabbits come later and more warily, and wander about in the old quarry, waiting for the dewy evening before travelling afield.

Something moves on the side of the slope. Yet its colour blends so well with the light and shadow of the fragments of yellow sandstone—some of them stained red because the water that laid the stratum had passed through iron—that, when still, it becomes scarcely perceptible. Probably a rat. But it raises its head, displays a breast almost white, and the stoat is beyond question identified. It creeps without haste along a winding rabbits' run, often stopping as if to look around, and proceeding always with stealth, yet with an air of ample leisure. It does not seem to be bent on serious business, for it stops on the side of the mound. Moreover, it at times indulges in the most wonderful acrobatic performances. It dances, leaps, turns head over heels, showing its red back and ermine belly to the best advantage, and is as frisky in the sunlight as a young lamb on a warm spring day. Some naturalists affirm that by this means it exercises a fascination over its prey and draws close to it. I have never by observation been able to confirm this opinion. Certainly I have seen young rabbits apparently unaware of danger impending from this undesirable visitor to the warren. It may have been fascination or inexperience. The latter seems improbable, since wild things from the first possess instinctive perception of the designs of their natural enemies. I have seen the stoat gambol not far from young rabbits, who watched unmoved. But the stoat did not take advantage of them. Evidently he was not then on hunting bent. It may be that his future victims were aware of this, and for the moment were as secure as dace which bask beside a pike knowing that he is not on feed.



In my quarry I have watched a stoat at work for hours together. I have seen him follow the trail of a rabbit round about the arena and over the mound again and again. Eventually the rabbit would take to earth, but in no instance has the stoat followed him. Often without much delay he was on the trail of another. And within the quarry the rabbit always won. But it was summer. The soil was dry, the stones hot and scent poor—and the end was always the same. A pursued rabbit left the quarry and went away over the grass. It was a final exit. The stoat would be back again to-morrow, and the rabbit lying some fields away with a hole in his neck—unless, of course, some labourer should happen to pass that way and put bunny in his pocket. "For there idden no rabbit half so good as one what a stoat have a-sucked."

That my stoats did not seem to work holes like a ferret for some time perplexed me. I have never lain in wait except in warm, dry weather and the breeding season. One day, elsewhere, in the middle of a grass field which had been fed off, my eye caught sight of a rabbit behaving in a most extraordinary manner. It was making furious charges, stopping,

turning and charging again. To my surprise I saw the tables were turned, and the rabbit was after the stoat. The rabbit was the faster, and the stoat had as much as he could do to double in time to avoid an impact, which must have proved fatal to so fragile a creature. The rabbit did not give up or in any way abate its fury. I watched them for some time, until at last the stoat found refuge, and was lost to view in the hedgerow ditch. Such an incident has been recorded by several observers, and a reason why it is not more common is not difficult to find. In the breeding season food is plentiful and easily obtained; and the stoat, not driven by hunger, does not willingly incur the furious resentment of the doe with young.

The end of the rabbit pursued by the stoat is to completely break down in nerve and, with terror-stricken cries, to yield; but I have never seen attack more fierce and determined than on the one occasion when it was my good fortune to witness the narrow escape of a stoat, presumably, from a doe with young. Everything in life is a matter of nerve, after all.

WALTER RAYMOND.

## THE DAIRY SHORTHORN.

BY C. ADEANE.

IN writing of the dairy shorthorns it is necessary to go back to the commencement of the shorthorn to see what was in the minds of its original fashioners; otherwise the recent movement to develop the dairy side might be misunderstood and it might be thought that a new and separate breed had been created. Nothing could have been further from the minds of those breeders who started the Dairy Shorthorn (Coates' Herd Book) Association in 1906. An animal to be acknowledged by this association as a "Pure-bred Dairy Shorthorn" must be entered in Coates' Herd Book. The Shorthorn Society gave the Association its blessing from the first, and the relations between the two bodies have always been most cordial.

The origin of the shorthorn is lost in mystery—a matter of antiquarian interest of which it is not our purpose here to treat. Suffice it to say that the scientific breeding invented by Bakewell was applied by the brothers Collings in the improvement of the shorthorn breed and was perfected by Booth and Bates. The aim of the Collingses was undoubtedly to produce an animal of general utility, and the



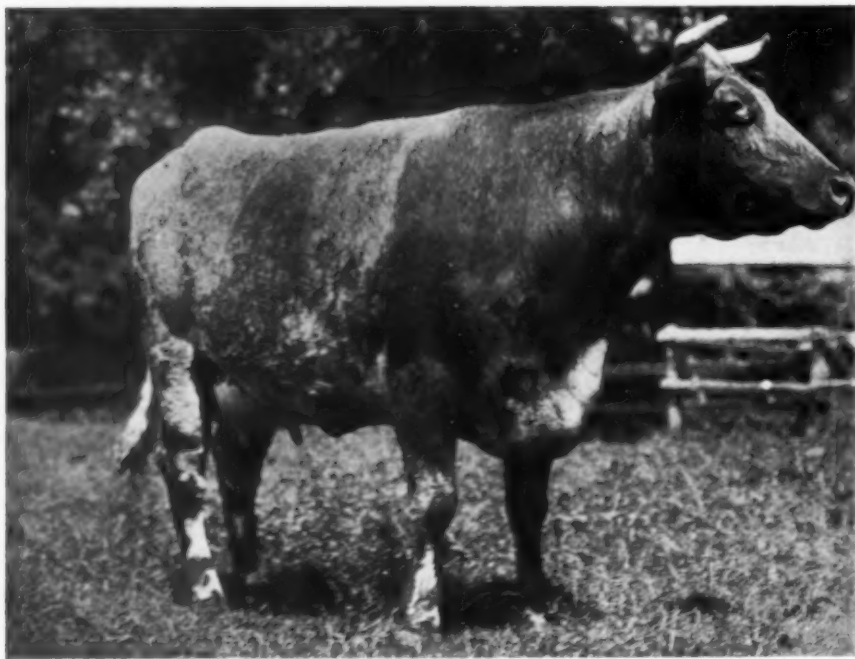
BABRAHAM COUNTESS CLARA.

original shorthorn produced not only beef but milk. Later on these two qualities were further developed and there was some divergence, Booth inclining to beef, Bates maintaining and improving the milking characteristics of the breed. The modern breeders of dairy shorthorns must look with veneration on Mr. Bates, who was the pioneer in this line and whose teaching and practice is being followed in the present day, happily without the rivalry and controversy which raged between the protagonists of the different types in his day. We shall see later what were the economic causes which led to the neglect of the shorthorn's dairy properties. Before proceeding further, however, it should be noted that the early shorthorn was a dual-purpose animal, that Mr. Bates' cattle yielded large quantities of milk while retaining all the character of the shorthorn, and that many of the best dairy cows are descended from well-known lines of Bates blood, such as the Oxfords, Waterloos, Wild Eyes and Foggathorpe tribes.

With the enormous increase in its population Great Britain ceased to be self-sufficing in the matter of



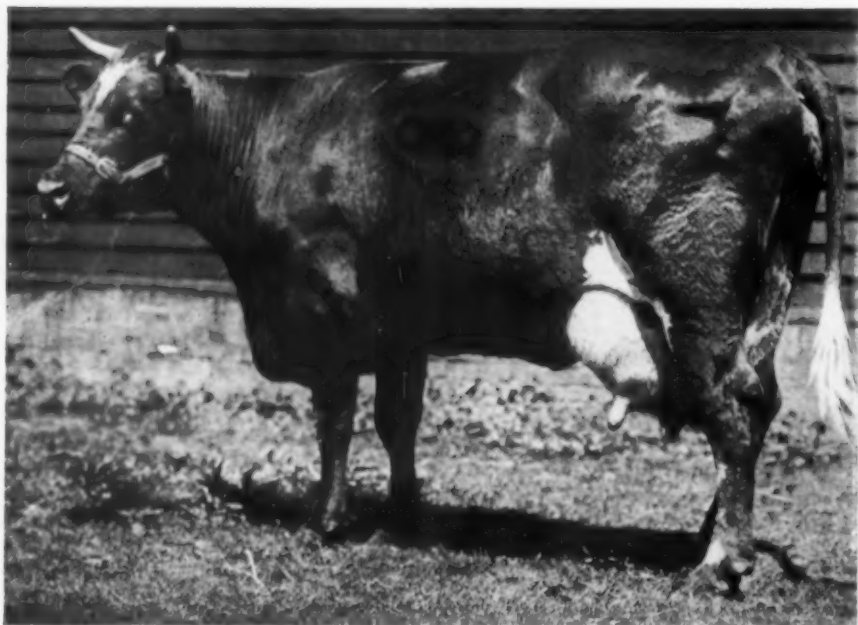
BRANSBY COMING STAR.



TRICKSEY XX.



BABRAHAM EVA BATES.



HEATHER QUEEN III.

food supplies. A similar increase in North America created a demand for meat in that region, and later, when the export trade to England of cattle and carcasses became profitable, not only through the increased demand here, but also through the cheaper and greater facilities of transport from South America to England, the attention of breeders was turned to meeting this foreign demand for meat-producing stock, and the development of the beef shorthorn was the result. The end of all trade being profit, no one can be surprised at this; but so far as the breed was concerned it was a bad thing, and farmers until lately looked askance at the pedigree shorthorn as a producer of dairy cattle. Another point has been, perhaps, more fully realised, that although free imports and cheap freights have robbed us of any preference in the home market, one monopoly still remains to us for which there is an increasing demand, and that is milk. Fortunately this was realised before it was too late, and the Dairy Shorthorn Association can claim to have stepped in just in time. A few breeders remained who still maintained the milking qualities of the shorthorn, but any one who during the last ten or twenty years has attempted to form a pedigree dairy shorthorn herd will know the great difficulty there has been, and even now is, to get good milkers eligible for Coates' Herd Book. To build up a pedigree herd from non-pedigree cattle takes a great many years. This, however, has been accomplished in more than one case, and with the best results. In fact, the adherence to long pedigree and fashionable strain has been a little bit overdone. Just as the beef shorthorn is the response to a demand for meat, so is the dairy shorthorn the response to a demand for milk, with this addition, that the shorthorn can be bred to carry meat as well as milk—not at the same time, no animal can do that—but so that if it is not wanted for milk it can be turned into beef with profit.

The bulk of the milk in England, and also a large proportion of the home-made butter, comes from non-pedigree shorthorn cattle; but farmers have until recently been afraid to use pedigree bulls, because these bulls, coming from herds which have been bred for beef, have ruined their dairy cattle. It is as essential to breed from a dairy strain on the male side as on the female side. Bates knew this, and said of his bull, Second Hubback, "All the cows by him were good milkers without a single exception." Here is the use of pedigree. Without a long inheritance the breeder cannot be sure that "like will breed like," and small reliance can be placed on dairy cattle unless bred in herds where the milk records have been strictly kept. The nasty habit the non-pedigree animal has of throwing back to some undesirable relation is most disconcerting, and though their produce may turn out successfully, it is a gamble.

One of the great uses of the pure-bred dairy shorthorn in the future will be for grading up the dairy cattle which are scattered throughout the country, and not only here but abroad. During the recent slump in the price of beef shorthorns, owing to the foreign ports being closed, it has been most encouraging to see how well the dairy shorthorns have kept up their price, and it shows that they do not depend on the export trade. When the population increases in the Colonies, and with it the demand for milk, a good trade across the seas should be looked for. There must be an opening for the dual-purpose cow, and there is no animal in the world that can



compare with the shorthorn as a milk, butter and beef producer. Many instances could be given of deep-milking cows which, when dry, have secured high prices in the fat market, and Mr. Richard Stratton, who is a well-known shorthorn authority, writing in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, Vol. 69, says: "I have no hesitation whatever in asserting that the best grazers may be bred from first-class dairy cattle. It has been proved to demonstration by my father (who always kept a herd of good dairy shorthorns) in the records of the Smithfield Club and the Birmingham Fat Stock Show; and my records at these shows in the seventies afford similar proof."

One of the best examples of the suitability of the shorthorn as a producer of milk and butter is the celebrated cow Darlington Cranford 5th. This cow at the Royal Show at Newcastle, 1908, weighed 1,498lb., and had been in milk eighty-three days. She yielded 78lb. 12oz. of milk, having 4 per cent. of fat, in twenty-four hours, which produced 3lb. 10z.



BABRAHAM PRETTY COQUETTE.



PRICELESS PRINCESS.

of butter. She was awarded first prizes in both the Milk Yield Class and the Butter Test Class.

One of the best examples of the suitability of the shorthorn as a producer of milk and beef is the cow Princess Raglan. She won third prizes at the London Dairy Show in 1902 and in 1904; also third prize in the Milk Yield Class (any breed or cross) at the Bath and West of England Show, 1905. During the four years she was in one herd she yielded per annum 7,571½lb. of milk. Her produce became celebrated:

(1) Ursula Raglan, the well-known shorthorn cow who was exhibited for several years in classes not specially set apart for dairy cows, was constantly awarded champion prizes at the leading shows.

(2) Priceless Princess, won first prize in the class for pedigree dairy shorthorns; also third prize in the Open Shorthorn Cow Class at the Tring Show, 1906, where she gave 59lb. 14oz. of milk in twenty-four hours. She won third prizes in the

milking trials and butter tests at the London Dairy Show, 1906. In 1907 she was awarded first prize and champion for the best pedigree dairy shorthorn at the Royal Show, and also stood "second reserve" for the shorthorn female championship. She gave 8,505½lb. of milk with her first calf, and 9,886½lb. with her second calf.

Care should be taken that, while breeding for milk, the true conformation of the shorthorn type is maintained, and breeders must not be led away by the desire to secure a momentary dairy triumph in the show-ring by altering their animals so that they lose the characteristics of the breed. A good cow which will give 600 gallons to 800 gallons in the year and fatten when required is what should be aimed at. From such an animal good bullocks can be reared which it will be profitable to fatten for the market. A great deal of trouble is being taken to grade up the milk yield of these cattle, and, of course, much remains to be done. The system of weighing the milk



FREEMASON'S FORTUNE.

yield is being generally adopted—the only sure way to proceed, as the breeder is enabled to cull from his herd those animals which do not reach a certain standard. This method also provides the information which is required by the purchaser of bulls of milking strain.

For the year October 1st, 1910, to September 30th, 1911, the records of 199 cows, the property of members of the Dairy Shorthorn Association, were published by the association. These records amounted to 1,549,880lb., giving an average of 7,788lb. per cow for the year. It is necessary to point out that the records are from cows that have not been forced for the purpose of obtaining heavy yields, but are those of cows whose owners keep them with a view to producing a calf each year. The association has appointed an inspector to check and verify the records sent for publication.

To ensure that none but cows adapted for dairy purposes obtain prizes in England, the Shorthorn Society, in conjunction with the Dairy Shorthorn Association, have drawn up a standard quantity of milk which all cows must reach before they qualify for a prize. For a bull to be eligible to compete in classes towards which the Dairy Shorthorn (Coates' Herd Book) Association contributes, his dam and his sire's dam must have one of the following qualifications:

(a) They must have been mentioned in the award list, or have received certificates of merit in milking trials or tests recognised by the Dairy Shorthorn (Coates' Herd Book) Association, or in classes set apart for pedigree dairy shorthorns since a standard quantity of milk has been a necessary qualification.

(b) They must have a yearly milk record of either 6,000lb. as a first-calved heifer or 8,000lb. as a cow, such record to have been published in the Year Book of the Dairy Shorthorn (Coates' Herd Book) Association.

It is very doubtful if the present dairy shorthorn is any improvement on the specimens of the breed produced by Bates; but good shorthorns are very much more numerous, and the general level of this breed and all other breeds is much higher. It is in this direction that possible improvement lies, and it is a large field. What a wealth would result if the average annual yield of all dairy cows in England could be increased by 50 gallons a head, and what an economy and profit to the farmer, for there is nothing more ruinous than keeping low-yielding and badly-bred cows; the cost of food and management is in both cases the same. Profitable farming must consist in extracting not only from the soil but from the livestock the utmost possible yield. The key to this position is selection, the law which Bakewell first applied with success to the breeding of sheep and cattle. For our purpose we need not go further back than the middle of the eighteenth century, when the modern shorthorn was evolved. For British agriculture that was an epoch-making time. The nation was opening up new

countries, striving for the mastery all the world over, and laying the foundations of those famous cattle which have followed the race into every temperate climate.

## IN THE AUCTION-YARD

LAST week, with the seriousness becoming to the discussion of an important aspect of sport, Mr. Douglas Cairns set forth the considerations that should weigh in the



A THOROUGH INSPECTION.

purchase and hire of sporting dogs. It was, if we may say so, a timely and practical article which ought to be of considerable

service to those who are shooting this year. Mr. Armour subsequently visited Aldridge's in a more frivolous condition of mind. What appealed to him was the lighter side of nature, human and canine. It was a subject worthy of his talent. Doggy men have always had a look about them different from that of other fanciers. It has been said that a man in time develops a certain look of the kind of animal in which he is most interested. You may know a horsey man not only by his gait, but by the expression of his face. He cannot live in the atmosphere of the stable without catching a something that will mark him out as a lover of horses. It by no means follows that the expression is at all objectionable. Indeed, it is as observable in the finely-moulded features of the most aristocratic of our racing-men as it is on many a humbler face.

But the doggy man differs greatly from the horsey man, and not only so, but he differs from his brothers; for of dog-men there are many tribes. There is one of the sportsmen who love the dog as a friend and companion, as one who follows their proceedings with an intelligence not far behind their own. They get to trust their dog absolutely, and in that way attain to an attitude of kindness towards all the canine population. There is,



"IT'S AGAINST YOU, SIR."



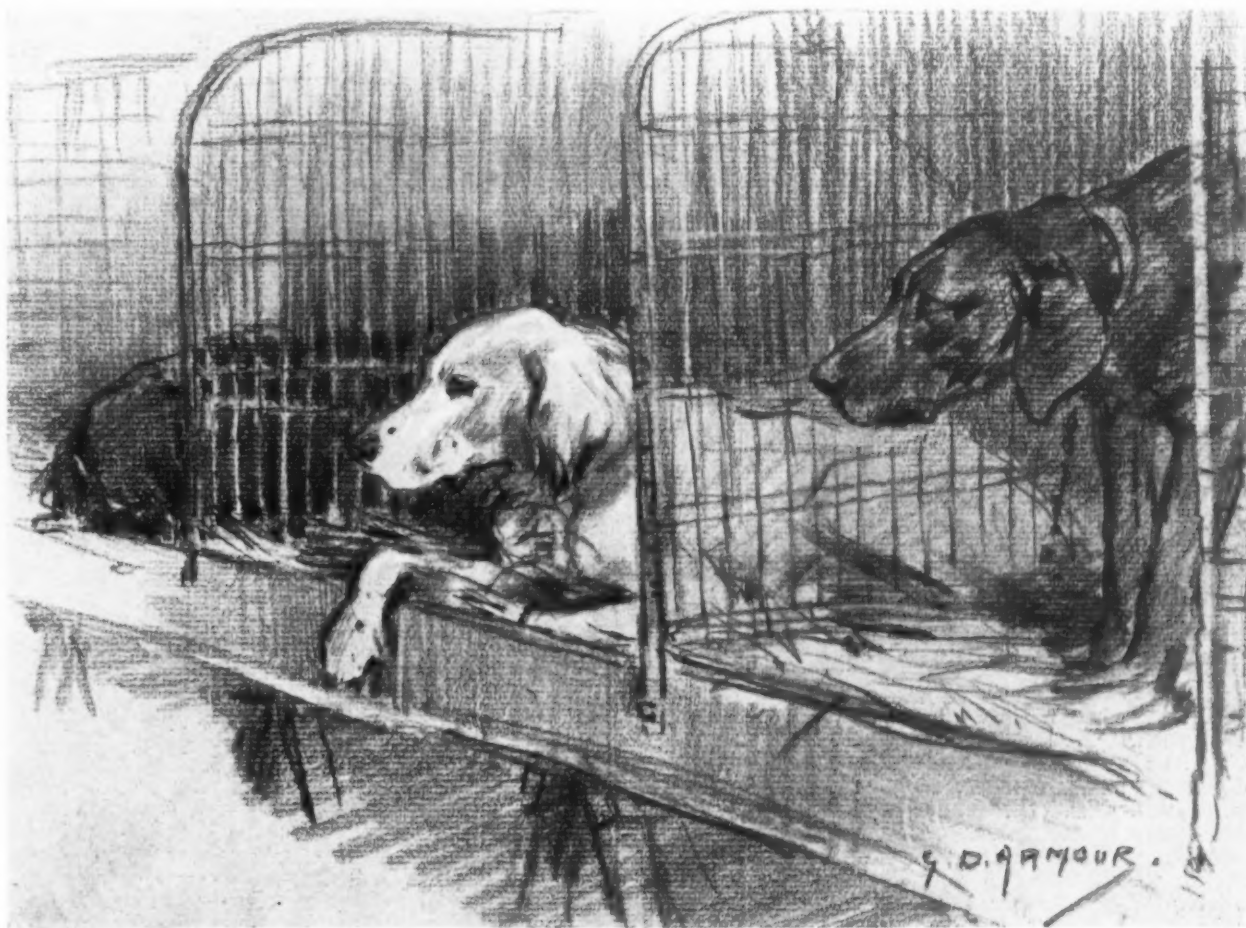
secondly, the fancier, whose delight is in points, and whose eye is ever telling him by what alliance he shall get near the ideal of the breed he affects. There is also the dog-dealer pure and simple, who regards the dog chiefly as an article of merchandise. He can string off his points with the glibness of a Welsh bard at an Eisteddfod, and dispraise what he is inclined to purchase with equal adroitness. There is, again, the keeper, who very often combines all of these attributes. If he is one of those treasures, a keeper with an instinctive knowledge of a dog and an equally instinctive power of training him, he frequently develops an affection for his charge which makes parting a trial. On the other hand, money is a legitimate object for him to aim at, and he knows that the end of his labour ought to meet with its due reward. Thus he is lover and owner and fancier all in one. He may also possess some of the characteristics of the dealer pure and simple,



"ROTTEN PLACE, LONDON, ISN'T IT?"

muscles taut, they are at work on the field. In the saleyard they are strangers in a strange land, and perhaps some of them have a foreboding that the master who will shortly claim them may not be the equal of the one they have lost.

for he has many opportunities of buying and selling, and very often conducts these operations with men who are by no means equal to him in knowledge and understanding of value. The auction-yard presents unexampled opportunities of studying these various types of character. Indeed, to the philosopher the human element is the more fascinating. Dogs, especially sporting dogs and trial winners, such as may frequently be seen at Aldridge's, do not appear at home in the auction-yard. They have a dejected look which Mr. Armour has very successfully captured in one or two of the sketches which we show to-day. They are to be seen at their best when, with all their faculties on the alert, and their



WAITING THEIR TURN.

## ON THE GREEN.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

### GOLFING HOLIDAYS.—I.

**A**n enthusiastic golfer of my acquaintance came back quite lately from playing golf on the East Coast courses. "I suppose you played at So-and-so?" he was asked. "Oh, no," he answered, "I did not bother to go there; it is the saddest mud-heap, isn't it?" And then he was told that this course was quite one of the best on the coast, and possessed of noble sand-hills and bents and bunkers of a quality to make a man's mouth water. He has not yet ceased to lament his folly, and, since it is possible that other people may make similar mistakes, it may be worth while to say something of just a few of the courses that appeal to the golfer on his holiday.

There are so many that one must needs be unfair to somebody's favourite course, but one can hardly do better than begin with these East Coast courses, which belong essentially to the holiday-maker. So popular, for example, is Sheringham that I believe from nine o'clock in the morning onwards couples are solemnly started at times obtained through the ordeal of ballot; many, moreover, start before nine, and many more practise on the relief course, specially consecrated to the duffer, the lady and the child. In one sense Sheringham is not a seaside course at all, for there are no sand nor sand-hills, but the chalk and the wiry turf of the Downs. In another it is very much seaside indeed, for it is perched high on the top of a cliff, and the view out to sea is on a fine day extraordinarily lovely. The down turf, too, is very good and very well kept, even if it be not the absolutely real thing, and not too cruelly beset with hazards. Altogether a jolly place, and one where you may open your shoulders.

Cromer, Sheringham's next-door neighbour, is another pretty downland course, standing high on a cliff, a cliff, by the way, which has of late years developed an unconscionable habit of tumbling into the sea. But Cromer has, I believe, just taken a new lease of life; it has acquired more land, it is moving its new club-house to the main Overstrand road instead of in the funny little valley with the very sandy path, where it used to be *Consule Planco*, in other words, when the writer used to play there. Finally, and most important, it has opened its gates to the golfer for Sunday play.

If Sheringham and Cromer are the best-known downland courses of Norfolk, Brancaster and Hunstanton come first among the sandy courses, the "links" accurately so-called. Both are fine courses, Brancaster something the longer, and conceived on the bigger and more splendid scale of the two. Hunstanton, however, is most attractive golf, and quite hard enough for any

reasonable person, and the question between the two really resolves itself into a non-golfing one. Hunstanton is a full-blown watering-place, although the links are some little distance from the town, and Brancaster is nothing but a charming, quiet, sleepy old village, far from a station. You pay your money and you take your choice. In seniority both these courses must yield to Yarmouth, and Yarmouth is good golf, or used to be, at any rate, with a gutty ball, and of the most genuine seaside character. Close to it is Caister, smaller and

quieter, and not quite such good golf perhaps, but in the full blaze of summer preferable to those who do not love the human tripper. A fusion of the two courses was lately projected, but is not now, as it appears, to be made.

Turning to Suffolk, there is a course of some antiquity, as English courses go, at Felixstowe, very charming and very good, with the eighth and ninth holes, "Bunker's Hill" and "The Point," making probably the finest finish to a match in the whole world of golf. From this remark it will be seen that Felixstowe is but a nine-hole course; this is really the only thing that the most malignant could say against it, for it is an excellent course. Of the courses at seaside places in Suffolk, Aldeburgh is probably the next best. It is not, in fact, a seaside course, and lies something over a mile inland, but it is very sandy, with the sandiness—and also the fir trees and whins—to be found on so many of the modern courses that are growing up in the heathery Surrey country. Of such courses, as of the Lowestoft and Southwold courses, it may be said without offence that they are quite good enough to be suitable appendages to otherwise pleasant places, and not perhaps quite good enough to seek out for themselves alone. Woodbridge, on the other hand, is said by all who know it to be one of the very best inland courses in all England, but it hardly comes within the scope of a holiday article.

I began by saying that it was necessary to be unfair to many courses, and so now I must needs "skip" the North of England, and also the Kentish coast, with its galaxy of courses headed by Sandwich, and turn to the West and to Wales. In Somersetshire is one course that stands out from the others, and this is Burnham, a truly charming spot—alas! I have been there but for a single day—having the biggest sand-hills in the world, and deserving perhaps more than any other course the adjective sporting. It was too sporting once, for it was all sand-hills and blind shots, but now the happy mean has been struck, and the result is a fine course. The little town of Burnham itself is by no means unattractive, and not far off is the more full-blown Weston-super-Mare, where is also a seaside golf



J. Stewart.

Copyright.

MISS CECIL LEITCH, LADY CHAMPION OF FRANCE.



course, though not such a good one as at Burnham. As Burnham is pre-eminent in Somerset, so is Westward Ho! in Devonshire; and, indeed, to set out for Devonshire with the avowed object of playing golf and then to do so anywhere but on the Northam burrows would be a sin. Devonshire, though possessed of the course of all courses in Westward Ho! is not really rich in good links; hardly so rich as the neighbouring county of Cornwall. All the places in Cornwall to which holiday-makers most often go have courses of a sort—Boscastle, Tintagel, Falmouth, Fowey. I read that there is one even at the Lizard, and with my own eyes I have seen close to Land's End an ideal little bit of virgin golfing country, though there would only be room for very few holes there. The best known four, however, are Bude, Lelant, Newquay and Rock. All four are quite good, and the best, almost certainly the best by nature, is by all accounts Rock, otherwise called St. Enodoc, a very quiet, comparatively primitive little spot close to Padstow. Lelant I personally know best, a thoroughly genuine seaside course, very amusing and pleasant, though occasionally of an irritating trickiness. Lelant is quite close to St. Ives, so that St. Ives is not, as some people might otherwise think, the one watering-place in the world without a golf course.

I have not much room left for Wales, wherein there is much a reeable golf. I blush to write again the word Aberdovey, but it is a good course and a nice place notwithstanding, and I can, at any rate, impartially say that Harlech, also in Merionethshire, is very fine golf indeed and a beautiful place to boot. Here towards the end of August is one of the jolliest and most popular—almost too popular—of all the summer meetings, and the Harlech Town Bowl attracts quite the biggest and one of the strongest fields of any handicap tournament. There are also Townyn and Barmouth, while on the other side of the Dovey Estuary in Cardiganshire is Borth, where is something as like natural golf as one can get nowadays, fine sand-hills, comparatively small greens, just a rabbit-scape or two and not too many people. Further north in Carnarvonshire there is Conway, and there is Llandudno, both of which are real links, seaside in nature as well as in name. Of other Welsh courses I am told, though I have never been there, that Tenby in Pembrokeshire has some really fine golfing ground and all the makings of a good course, and I know that Porthcawl and Southerndown, both in Glamorganshire, are thoroughly attractive; but of all these Welsh counties I shall put in a last and special word for my own Merioneth.

B. D.

## COLONEL E. H. KENNARD.

DEATH has taken from us a very good and kindly golfer in Colonel E. H. Kennard, and by the same stroke the Royal Blackheath Golf Club has lost its Field-Marshal. By this title the honourable and honorary office was known which the late Colonel Kennard filled for many years in the oldest of all existing golf clubs. With many other members of that club, Mr. George Glennie, Mr. Buskin and others of fame, he used to come to Westward Ho! in the earliest days of the life of the Royal North Devon Golf Club. To the Royal Liverpool Golf Club he gave a challenge gold medal, and to this day Mr. John Ball makes a habit of winning "the Kennard medal." By these tokens it may be known how much he did to help Englishmen to understand and appreciate the good thing that they had, still hidden from them, in golf, and for that he deserves their deepest gratitude. He was, besides, a fine player, among the scratch men of his day, and graceful in the use of all his clubs. He had a charming personality and was distinguished, even in old age, by his handsome face and gallant bearing. In every best sense of the word he was a fine sportsman. His brother, Monsignor Kennard, who survives him, has also deserved the grateful remembrance of golfers, for it was largely due to him that the Burnham Club, near Weston-super-Mare, became popular. Among other good acts, he brought J. H. Taylor there, as the club's resident professional.

H. G. H.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE AMATEUR INTERNATIONAL.

SIR,—The Amateur International encounter has admittedly not proved altogether the success which those responsible for its initiation not only hoped, but also sincerely believed that it would prove. Whether, however, there is justification for the dropping of this event from the championship gathering is a question which is certainly open to discussion. In the first instance, Why has the International match failed to hold the interest of the golfing public? The natural answer to this question is because the encounter at one time devolved into such a one-sided argument between the representatives of the two countries that it was a little difficult to maintain an interest in a match which was proving no match at all; year after year it was a question as to how easily the Scottish side would prove the victors. England has but two victories to her credit, and on each occasion there was only the odd match in her favour. During the past three years, however, the results have been sufficiently close to warrant the assumption that there is at the moment but little in it between the two countries, and one would have thought that the closeness of the results in 1910 and 1911 would have sufficed to reawaken interest in the contest which was carried through at Westward Ho! this spring, but the truth must be told. The Amateur International match this year proved to be just about the tamest and least interesting of the whole series, as I have never taken part in a team match in which the public or even the participants themselves seemed to care less as to the probabilities or possibilities of the result. An impression was left on my mind that the introduction of foursome play to the event had not altogether proved an unqualified success, as the greater

number of those playing most evidently did not appreciate having to play with a partner, both playing the same ball. Many of them would have been much more content had they been able to whack their own ball round in a four-ball match. In the ordinary routine of their golf they do not participate in foursome play, and, moreover, do not understand foursome play, and if they have their own way never will understand it. My own idea is that there were too many couples playing, and that the new method of deciding the match would have caught the interest of the public much more if the original idea of playing only three couples on each side had been carried through. This would have concentrated attention on these three matches, each one of which would have had a strong bearing on the result. Of course, the match between the fifth couples at Westward Ho! also had a strong bearing on the result, as everything, in fact, depended upon it; but the spectators did not appear to take the least interest in the fate of the players in the final match, and when they finished there were not more than half-a-dozen spectators present. All interest seemed to be centred in the doings of the first three couples. It is really very sad when one has to evolve methods for the playing of an International encounter which will prove sufficiently attractive to reawaken the flagging interest of the public, but one cannot get away from the fact that this is the task which is set to those who wish to keep the game in the list of the season's fixtures. How to do it is the question. Personally, I think that, if foursome play is to still be the method, three matches would prove more interesting than five matches, and that one match between two representatives from each country might prove more attractive than either.—HAROLD H. HILTON.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

## THE CONSTRUCTION OF PIGSTIES.

UNDER this heading a useful article is contributed to the Journal of the Board of Agriculture for the current month. It is not signed, but bears evident mark of coming from a practical pig-keeper. It is a fact not to be lost sight of that the pig, though usually credited with being a dirty animal, is in reality one of the cleanest on the farmyard, and keeping pigs "is not likely to be a success unless warm, dry, fairly roomy, well ventilated sties are available." Equally essential is it that the buildings should be so constructed that they can be easily kept clean and disinfected from time to time. The common pigsty is a small, low, lean-to building opening into a common yard, and this is condemned as being dark, badly ventilated, too cold in winter and too close and hot in summer. "Furthermore, if it is not required as a pigsty, it is of little use for anything else, whereas a small building, say 10 feet by 8 feet, about 5 feet high at the eaves, suitably lighted and ventilated, and provided with a door in two sections, would not only be much superior as a pigsty, but would be useful for other purposes, e.g., poultry, storage of fuel, etc., if not required for pigs." On the average farm it is not necessary to construct special pigsties at all, as all pigs, except sows with litters, boars, and those nearly fat, can economically and advantageously be kept in the covered yards with fattening cattle. For young litters the author says "buildings of the loose-box type, opening and draining into the covered yards, or pens cut off from the yards by walls about 5 feet high, are most suitable, and can be used for a great variety of purposes when not employed as pigsties. There is no trouble with drainage or in the disposal of manure, provided the floors are well above the level of the manure in the yards." Special pigsties must, however, be provided where large numbers are kept, and in building them the essential conditions to be considered are "warmth, dryness, sufficient room, and good sanitation, and so long as these are secured the arrangement and construction of the piggeries can, if desired, be regulated entirely by economy of erection and upkeep, and of labour involved in feeding and tending the pigs." These are the general principles; but, in particular, attention is directed to several points, such as situation and aspect. "If at all possible, a fairly high and dry position should be selected, and in no case should the level of the floor be below the level of the surrounding ground, since buildings so constructed are almost certain to be damp and cold. The doorways, courts, windows and openings should as far as possible be on the south side. Sties facing north may, in some cases, be unavoidable, but should never be used for young pigs, except possibly during the hot summer months." The floor is a very important part of the building, and for ordinary purposes concrete with a skin of smooth cement is best. "Such floors are, however, unsuitable for, at any rate, the sleeping quarters of pigs; they are always cold, and young pigs reared in houses with cement floors generally do badly, even if they do not develop cramp or rheumatism. Furthermore, if even slightly dirty, they are, as a rule, very slippery. A compromise often made is to have a cement floor, but to provide a movable wooden platform for the pigs to lie on, and this is good if the sty is roomy enough to allow of the platform being lifted frequently for cleaning purposes. Otherwise, dirt and manure will accumulate underneath." The alternative offered by the author is a floor laid with asphalt or bricks set on edge in cement. These are warmer than cement and give a much better foothold, and are

fairly easy to keep clean. In regard to walls, the author is strongly against wood being used. Walls of this material must be regarded as a makeshift. They cannot be kept from cracking and so harbouring manure, and the junction with the floor is difficult to manage so that the pigs are unable to gnaw it. The roof should be weather-proof and non-conducting. It is a good thing to let the light in through panes of glass in it, and ventilation should be secured by holes in the walls and roof. Concerning the important

point of ventilation the writer says: "It may be laid down as a general rule that there should on no account be a closed drain in any sty, and furthermore the drainage from each sty should be conducted separately to a main drain outside. The plan of draining a row of sties by one channel which passes through each in turn should never be adopted; the lower ones are apt to be wet and unhealthy, and if disease—e.g., husk—breaks out in any sty, all the pigs below it are likely to become infected by means of the drain."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE COLONNADE AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some years ago I was at some pains to discover what had become of the colonnade of old Burlington House, which is now referred to again by Mr. Wheatley in his second paper on the Royal Society. Mr. Wheatley tells us that the stones are still lying in Battersea Park, where it is well known they were removed; but I do not believe they are to be found there any longer. In my search for them I made enquiries of the London County Council, who informed me that the stones were no longer in their possession, and I should be glad if Mr. Wheatley would look into the matter and perhaps help us in discovering where they actually are. This might be the means of reviving his most admirable suggestion, first put forward in his fascinating book, "Round About Piccadilly and Pall Mall," in which he gives us some account of the colonnade and its being saved from the stone-breakers by Mr. Beresford Hope in 1868. Mr. Wheatley hoped that it might be speedily re-erected in some suitable place, suggesting a position in one of the parks, "where it would serve as a shelter from rain and sun. Perhaps the most suitable position would be the Kensington end of the Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens." At any rate, it would be interesting to have some definite information on the fate of these wandering stones.—MAX JUDGE.

### THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A year of much thunder and lightning, with rain in excess, is looked upon as bad as a rule. Much lightning, some say, brings on potato disease and causes "a blast" in some other crops. It is somewhat curious that in speaking of this natural summer visitation, when in summer-time we get "three hot days and a thunder-storm," as folks say, we always "put the cart before the horse," and say "thunder and lightning," thus putting effect before cause, and our newspapers give us accounts of "vivid storms of thunder and lightning," when it should be really the other way about. Perhaps this is because in a storm thunder is the more noticeable. Many say they dread the thunder, when really thunder is harmless, though the dairymaid says it "turns her milk" and the farmhouse brewer that it turns the beer sour. The ordinary way of thinking is that thunder does the most mischief, and after a storm, if anything has gone wrong, it is set down to thunder, unless lightning has struck the farm buildings or laid cattle, sheep or horses low. Formerly it was thought that an actual solid "bolt" did the damage, and I have known farm hands bring in a longish stone or pebble and call it "a fallen thunder-bolt." The ideas concerning thunder-storms are curious, and both oak and ash are trees to be especially avoided.

Under an oak  
Sure of a stroke,  
Under an ash  
Draws a flash

is a saying with some variations. Other trees are less liable to draw the thunder-bolt; but your old farming hand makes for the open with his team as a rule, and not one in a hundred puts lightning before thunder.—T. R.

### EAST MASCALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the recent interesting article in COUNTRY LIFE on East Mascalls, Lindfield, perhaps you will like to reproduce the enclosed photographs. The general view of the front I took in 1879, which shows the wing



EAST MASCALLS AS IT WAS IN 1879.

### LOVE DISPLAY OF PIED WAGTAIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following may be of interest to some of your ornithological readers. On Monday, just after tea, while taking a quiet, sauntering walk through a field path—always a delightful thing upon a summer's day, but made more so by a field half-mown and the scent of hay all round—surmounting a stile (sweet surprise), my attention was attracted by an unfamiliar bird-note just in a gentle bend of the road. These roads are bounded by stone walls, "millstone grit," with sloping grassy borders. It came from a pair of pied wagtails. The male bird was going through a kind of nuptial dance or courtship. Its long tail was quite erect, the wings being alternately outspread and trailing on the ground after the manner of a barn-door fowl. It looked most grotesque, and all the while uttering this most delightful and cheery note, it made a circle of several yards round the female (three times), which was quite passive, capitulating each time, when, unfortunately, some approaching cattle disturbing them, they flew on to the roof of an adjoining barn. I had no idea that the pied wagtail had such a love of emulation and display.—J. FIRTH.

### INSECT BITES, GARDEN MIDGES AND HARVEST-MEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It will be of service to many of your readers to have a remedy handy against these garden and field pests. Thousands of ladies and children suffer and really do not guess the cause of the intense irritation. Midges bite the face, neck, arms, scalp and ankles; the poisonous secretions from their mouth glands cause intense itching and often painful sores. Remedies: Baking powder wetted and dabbed on at once will stop all irritation; or three ounces of carbonate of soda and a tablespoonful of ammonia put in an eight-ounce bottle and filled up with water is a good remedy. This is good for the stings of ants, wasps, fleas and nettles. Here is another remedy which gives relief: One ounce of carbolic oil and one ounce of spirits of camphor; mix together and keep handy. The worst of the field pests, particularly during July, August and September, is the harvest-man, the young of a red spider-like creature (Trombidum). This pest gets on feet and ankles, crawls up legs, burrows under skin, and causes intense irritation for about three days. Either of the two remedies mentioned will give relief, but the thing is to keep the insect off altogether. Here is a way to effect this. Rub the skin with perfumed or plain benzine, or saturate your stockings with it. Witch-hazel rubbed on the arms and neck will repel garden midges. The descriptions and remedies here noted are from an article by Sir Edward Ray Lankester.—E. FLETCHER.

### AN OLD ALARM GUN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

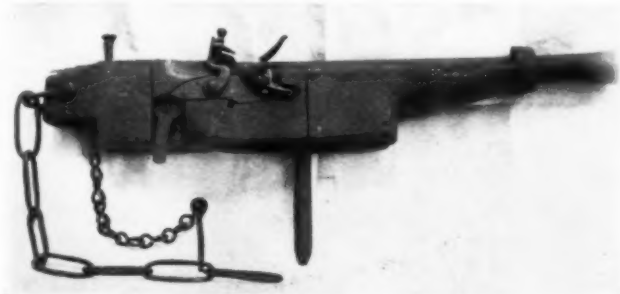
SIR,—Herewith I am sending you a photograph of a curious old alarm gun that would be in use probably one hundred years ago for the purpose of scaring poachers from their raids upon the coverts. It is a deadly-looking weapon,



EAST MASCALLS PORCH IN 1895.



and it is very likely that it did not only scare the offenders against the Game Laws, but shot them as well. The spike below the lock was intended to secure the gun in position, pointing along a "ride," and a wire connected with the trigger was carried to a place on the path and arranged at just the height one would kick against it, and so cause the flint held in the hammer to fall and speed the



THE POACHERS' TERROR.

charge of ragged oddments into the legs of the unfortunate who had caused the gun to be fired. The pin at the end of the small chain was intended to lock the trigger and prevent premature discharge when the gun was being set, and probably the strong chain would be used to padlock the gun to a staple driven into a near-by tree to prevent the alarm gun being stolen as well as the game. The screw on the top originally fastened a strip of wood along the barrel as a protection from the weather, but this piece has quite decayed away.—SYDNEY I. SMITH.

## "JACOB."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing a photograph of a cat and fox cubs in your issue of June 22nd, I venture to send you the enclosed. As a fact, my little terrier and myself helped to get the cubs out, as they were in a country where hounds are seldom seen. The extraordinary fact is that the little bitch, who is as hard as nails at the old badgers, will not touch the young ones. Hence the badger in the picture, who was dug out locally on April 4th. He soon became tame, and "Skeets" and he play together all over the house, and are the best of friends. He follows out of doors like a dog, and is no trouble to feed; in fact, lives the same as we do. His one partiality is tea with lots of sugar in it. My cook made a

jelly a few days since, which was put on the cellar floor to set. Master Jacob found it and promptly demolished the lot, after which he slept for about fourteen hours. There is a popular belief that badgers' legs are longer on one side than the other, which is all nonsense. It is worth any one's while who is a student of Nature to obtain a young "Jacob" and tame it, as badgers' antics are amusing and they are very clean in their habits. I notice he gets restless during thundery weather; also, he can run backwards almost as fast as in the orthodox way.

The terrier I call

"Skeets," after "Skeets" Martin (I hope he feels duly honoured. "Jacob" is the local name for badgers. The fact of "Skeets" having her own tame badger as a pal does not make her one bit less keen when at work on them or foxes. "Skeets" is a first cross fox-terrier and Aberdeen, working weight fourteen and a-half pounds. "Jacob" weighed two and a-quarter pounds when caught, and is now nine pounds.—C. I. H.



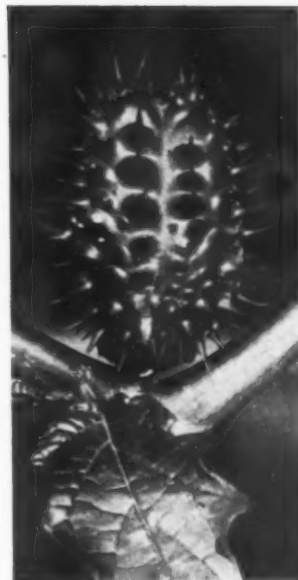
"THEY THAT HAVE EATEN SALT."

## THE POISONOUS THORN APPLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During excursions in the late summer months, a plant bearing a curious fruit, almost like a horse-chestnut bur, is sometimes found. Usually the finder is totally ignorant of the name of the plant or anything of its habits, and, therefore, I would just give a word of warning to such, and point out that the thorn apple (*Datura Stramonium*), for such is the name of the plant, is deadly

poisonous. It is not a native of Britain, but, being common in the East, has probably been introduced in foreign manures, fertilisers, etc., and although usually very local in its distribution here, it occasionally appears in totally unexpected places, and the spiked fruit gives rise to much speculation as to what it may be. The flowers, which appear in early summer, are long white, trumpet-shaped, something like those of the tobacco plant, and if the ripe seed-pod, or bur, be broken open, it will be found to contain a large number of small, wrinkled seeds. Usually the plant does not attain to more than two feet in height in this country. In the East, where it grows abundantly, it is used for the manufacture of the *Datura* poison, with which innumerable crimes have been committed.—B. HANLEY.



THE DATURA PLANT.

## A TRUE FISH TALE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think the following true fish story may interest your readers. It was on the Helmsdale, that splendid little river where the fish do not run very large, but where very many of them run. In the clear weather that we have had in the beginning of July, the water was low, and everyone was fishing with small flies. A friend of mine was using a twelve-foot trout-rod, a lake-trout cast and two flies, a tail fly and dropper. Just as he was thinking of leaving off, a fish took him. He saw the fish hard on to the tail fly. Away the fish went down two rapids and began to play about in a long deep pool. It seems to have been just about at this point in the proceedings that it dawned on the angler that something strange was happening. He did not appear to be getting any power on the fish; the fish did with him what he liked, and the small rod and light cast did not appear to have even the little holding power to be expected of them. Away the fish went, and out the line went, within a yard or two of its final limit, in spite of the angler's running as hard as he knew how to keep abreast of the fish. Gradually, very gradually, the fish began to tire. At length he was brought in, after an entertainment that had lasted an hour and a-quarter, almost dead, on the top of the water; the gillie got him out, and then it was plain what had occurred: the salmon—he was a seventeen-pounder and a big fish for the Helmsdale—had got rid of the tail fly from his mouth, but the dropper had hooked him just in front of the dorsal fin. Naturally, he was not under much control by the light tackle, and the wonder is rather that the fisher killed him at all than that he took long about it. Of course, it is not very easy to determine at what point in the contest the tail fly came out of the salmon's mouth and the dropper fastened itself in the back. Had the river been a big one, it is hardly conceivable that a fish thus hooked could have been landed.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

## A DRINKING CUP INDEED.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph, which may, perhaps, be of some interest, of a silver cup, the date of which I am afraid to give; but I believe it is some hundreds of years old. The cup itself holds nearly half a pint, and in the days when people could take their bottle or two of port without winking, the amusement after dinner was to fill the cup for the guest with port. He then had to blow down the little tube, seen projecting like a little tail at the back of the windmill, which made the sails revolve, and he then had to drink the port before the sails stopped. If he failed, it meant, "try, try, try again." The result can be imagined better than it can be described. These cups are very rare; I have only seen one other anything like it.—W. O. E. MEADE-KING.



A PERILOUS FEAT.



GULLS AT REST AND IN FLIGHT.

## GULLS AT HOME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a large flock of gulls, some ready to pick up the tit-bits thrown up by the sea, others resting after their meal.—CHARLES SOUTHGATE.

## A TEMERARIOUS STOAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few weeks ago I was the witness of an interesting incident in connection with a stoat which may be of interest to your readers. While walking along a moorland track I noticed a stoat run across in front of me and disappear into a hole in the bankside. On arriving within a few feet of the place I saw the stoat's head appear above ground watching me. I at once stood perfectly still, focussed my hand camera on the hole at eight feet and awaited developments. The stoat, after bobbing up and down for some twenty minutes, cautiously came out of the hole with a cub in its mouth, rushed downhill, and after depositing the cub in a hole at the foot of a tree some ten yards off, immediately returned and repeated the same proceeding three times, each time carrying down a cub in its mouth. On the stoat returning the third time I stood in its track and attempted to prevent its return, but it dodged past my feet, expressing its disapproval by hissing. I then changed my position, hoping that the stoat

would again appear, and sure enough, after keeping quiet for about a quarter of an hour, it did appear carrying another cub. The click of the camera shutter, however, scared it back again, and I did not see it any more. Several snapshots were attempted, one of which I enclose, but owing to the stoat's rapid movements and close quarters the photograph is not as good as I had hoped. I should be interested to know the reason of the stoat's curious conduct and unusual boldness, the only explanation I can offer being that I had interrupted the family removal.—H. W. BURNUP.

[Probably the hole was only a shallow depression, serving as a temporary place of concealment, and the stoat carried the cubs off in a manner quite usual with this animal to its more secure stronghold.—ED.]

## HYBRID TEAS NOT BLOOMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Everyone is remarking on the extraordinary display of roses this year, and as far as the older roses are concerned I think I have never had such a profusion of bloom before; but the hybrid teas with me have done very badly, blooming very scantily and often with misshapen buds. Mme. Ravary in particular, which was a picture last summer, has scarcely bloomed at all this. They were pruned lightly at about the second week in April. Was this late? The garden has a very cold soil and exposed situation. O. M.



DEFYING DANGER.